THE

FAMOUS ENGLISH ARCHER;

OR

ROBERT, Earl of Huntington,

COMMONLY CALLED

ROBIN HOOD.

I'll send this Arrow from my Bow,
And in a Wager will be bound
To hit the Mark aright, altho'
It were for Forty Hundred Pound:
Doubt not, I'll make the Wager good,
Or ne'er believe bold Robin Hood.

MONAGHAN:

PRINTED BY JOHN BROWN —— M,DCC,XCVI.

CONTENTS.

No.		*Page.*
1	ROBIN HOOD's Parentage and Birth.	5
2	Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham.	10
3	Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield	12
4	Robin Hood and the Bishop	14
5	Robin Hood and the Butcher	16
6	Robin Hood and the Tanner	19
7	Robin Hood and the Tinker	23
8	Robin Hood and Allen a-Dale	25
9	Robin Hood and the Shepherd	28
10	Robin Hood and the Fryar	30
11	Robin Hood and the Stranger	33
12	Robin Hood and the Scotchman	35
13	Robin Hood and Queen Catharine	36
14	Robin Hood's Chase	39
15	Robin Hood's Golden Prize	42
16	Robin Hood and Will Stutely	44
17	Robin Hood's Preferment	48
18	Robin Hood's Delight	50
19	Robin Hood and the Beggar	53
20	Robin Hood and the Prince of Arragon	56
21	Little John and the Four Beggars	61
22	Robin Hood and the Ranger	64
23	Robin Hood and the Widow's three Sons	66
24	Robin Hood and the valiant Knight	69
25	Robin Hood's Death and Burial.	71

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

THE Reader is here presented with a NEW and GREATLY IMPROVED Edition of the celebrated adventures and exploits of *ROBIN HOOD*, the famous English Archer, of whose history a knowledge may be obtained from the following concise narrative, taken from the best authority.

He resided chiefly in Sherwood Forest, in the county of Nottingham, having, besides Little John, his favourite companion, upwards of an hundred skilful bow-men in his retinue. He was a man of noble family, and appears, by his pedigree, to have had some claim to the earldom of Huntington. He performed those adventurous deeds, for which he has been so much noted as an outlaw, about the latter end of the 12th century. He was a terror to the rich, and an implacable enemy to the clergy; but those whom he robbed he never abused. The contributions which he levied on the opulent, he often dedicated to the necessities of the poor. Falling sick, he is said to have been betrayed, and bled to death by a Monk.——He died in the year 1247, and was buried at Kirkley, then a Benedictine monastery, where his grave-stone is still shewn.

The substance of the songs which compose the adventures of Robin Hood, are well calculated to divert the minds, and allure the attention of Youth—they are simple in design, easy in language, and, from their length, do not become wearisome by continuance;—but it is much to be regretted, that proper care has not hitherto been paid to the harmony of their rhymes, the simplicity of their construction, and, above all, the purity of their expression.

4 Robin Hood lived in the reign of King Henry the 3rd.

To obviate these objections, founded on a sincere wish to preserve good morals, the present EDITOR has used every exertion in his power, to render the number contained in this NEW Edition as smooth and agreeable to the ear as possible, and has also been particularly careful, to insert no expression that can have the smallest tendency to corrupt the mind, or vitiate the taste of the young Reader.

Monaghan, Aug. 1796.

HERE read how Robin Hood and Little John,
Brave Scarlet, Stutely, valiant, bold and free,
Each of them bravely, boldly play'd the man,
While they did reign beneath the Greenwood Tree:
From Bishops, Friars, Monks, and many more,
Their gold they took for to encrease their store;
But ne'er was known for to oppress the poor.

13 JY 63

Robin

See extracts in
Robin Hood
Cyclopedia - to be
inserted with a leaf at this place

Robin Hood's Garland.

BALLAD I. —*Shewing* Robin Hood's *Parentage, Birth, Breeding, Valour, and Marriage with* Clorinda, *Queen of* Titbury Feast, *ſuppoſed to be related by the Fidler who played at their Wedding.*

KIND gentlemen, will you be patient a while,
Aye, and then you ſhall hear anon.
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And his brave man Little John.

In Loxly-town, in fair Nottinghamſhire,
In merry ſweet Loxly-town,
There bold Robin Hood was born and bred,
Bold Robin of fame and renown.

The father of Robin a foreſter was,
He ſhot with a luſty ſtrong bow,
Two north country miles and an inch at a ſhot,
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim o' the Clough,
And William of Cloudeſly,
To ſhoot with our foreſter for forty marks,
And he manfully beat them all three.

His mother was niece to the Coventry Knight,
Whom Warwickſhire-men call Sir Guy,
Who ſlew the great boar that hangs up at the gate,
Or mine hoſt at the Bull tells a lie.

Her brother was Gamwell, of Great Gamwell Hall,
And a noble houſe-keeper was he,
As ever broke bread in fair Nottinghamſhire,
And a 'Squire of famous degree.

The mother of Robin to her huſband did ſay,
My honey, my life, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwell,
To taſte of my brother's good cheer.

And he ſaid, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
Take one of my horſes ſtraightway;

The ſun it is riſen, therefore make thou haſte,
For to-morrow is Chriſtmas-day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought
And ſaddled and bridled was he;
God wot, a blue bonnet, and new ſuit of clothes,
And a cloak that reach'd down to his knee.

She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,
They were of a light Lincoln green,
The cloth was home-ſpun, but for colour and make,
It might have beſeemed our Queen.

Then Robin got on his baſket-hilt ſword,
And his dagger on the other ſide,
And ſaid, my dear mother, let's haſte to be gone,
We've forty long miles for to ride.

When Robin had mounted his gelding ſo grey,
His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
For his gelding had oft carried double.

And when ſhe was fix'd, to the neighbours they rode,
And drank and ſhook hands with them all;
And then Robin gallop'd, and never gave o'er,
Till they lighted at Gamwell-Hall.

And now you may think the right worſhipful 'Squire
Was joyful his ſiſter to ſee;
He kiſs'd her, and preſs'd her, and ſwore by his troth,
Thou'rt welcome, dear ſiſter, to me.

Next morning, when maſs in the chapel was ſaid,
Six tables were laid in the hall,
Then in came the 'Squire, and made a ſhort ſpeech,
My neighbours and friends, welcome all.

But not a man here ſhall taſte my March beer,
Till a Chriſtmas Carrol be ſung;
They all clap'd their hands, and chorus'd with joy,
Till the whole houſe with echoes loud rung.

Now plenty of brawn, roaſt beef and plumb pies
Were ſet upon every table,
And noble George Gamwell ſaid, Eat and be merry,
And drink too as long as you're able.

When dinner was ended, his chaplain ſaid grace;
Be merry, my friends, ſaid the 'Squire;
It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
And lay ſome more wood on the fire.

Pray now call my Little John hither to me,
For Little John is a fine lad,
At gambols and juggling, and twenty ſuch tricks,
As ſhall make you both merry and glad.

When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown;
And what do you think? why as true as I live,
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

And now you may think the right worſhipful 'Squire
Was joyful this ſight for to ſee;
For he ſaid, Couſin Robin, pray go no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me.

Thou ſhalt have my land when I die, and till then
Thou ſhalt be the ſtaff of my age.
Dear uncle, ſays Robin, then grant me a boon,
That Little John may be my page.

He ſaid, Couſin Robin, I grant thee thy boon,
With all my heart, ſo ſet it be.
Come here, Little John, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
For thou ſhalt be page unto me.

Go fetch me my bow, my truſty long bow,
And broad arrows, one, two, and three,
And when 'tis fair weather, we'll into Sherwood,
Some merry paſtime for to ſee.

When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
He winded his bugle ſo clear,
That twice five-and-twenty good yeomen ſo bold
Before him did quickly appear.

Where are your companions, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
For ſtill I want forty and three?
Then ſaid a ſtout yeoman, Lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under the greenwood tree.

When theſe words were ſpoken, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the ſhepherds was ſhe;
Her gown was of velvet, as green as the graſs,
And her buſkin did reach to her knee.

Her geſture was graceful, her body was ſtraight,
Her countenance free from all pride;
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows
Hung careleſsly down by her ſide.

Her eye-brows were black, and ſo was her hair,
And her ſkin was as ſmooth as the glaſs; Her

Her viſage ſpoke wiſdom and modeſty too;
She was a moſt beautiful laſs!
Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away,
O whither, fair lady, away?
And ſhe made him anſwer, To kill a fat buck,
For to-morrow is Titbury day.
Said Robin, Fair lady wilt thou wander with me,
A little to yonder green bower,
There ſit down and reſt you, and you ſhall be ſure
Of a brace of fat bucks in an hour?
And as they were going towards the green bow'r,
Two hundred good bucks they eſpy'd;
She choſe out the fatteſt that was in the herd,
And ſhe ſhot him quite through each ſide.
By the life of my body, then ſaid Robin Hood,
I never ſaw woman like thee;
Com'ſt thou from the eaſt, or com'ſt from the weſt,
Thou need'ſt not beg ven'ſon of me.
However, along to my bow'r you ſhall go,
And taſte of the foreſter's meat:
And when they came there they found very good cheer,
Befitting ſuch gueſts for to eat.
For there was hot ven'ſon, and cold warden pies
Cream clouted, and honey-combs plenty;
And thoſe who attended, beſides Little John,
Were yeomen at leaſt four-and-twenty.
Clorinda ſaid, Tell me your name, gentle ſir?
He anſwer'd, 'Tis bold Robin Hood;
'Squire Gamwell's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to ramble in merry Sherwood.
For, 'tis a fine life, and is void of all ſtrife.
So it is, Sir, Clorinda reply'd:
But Oh! ſaid bold Robin, how bleſt ſhould I be,
If Clorinda would be my ſweet bride.
She bluſh'd at this motion, yet, after a pauſe,
Said, Yes, Sir, and with all my heart.
Then ſaid Robin Hood, We will ſend for a prieſt,
And be married before we do part.
But ſhe anſwer'd, No, Sir, that may not be ſo,
I muſt be at Titbury-feaſt;
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I'll make him the moſt welcome gueſt.

Said

Said Robin Hood, Reach me that bow, Little John,
For I'll go along with my dear;
And bid my good bow-men kill ſix brace of bucks,
And meet me to-morrow juſt here.

Before they had ridden five Staffordſhire miles,
Eight yeomen both valiant and bold,
Bid Robin Hood ſtand and deliver his bow;
A truer tale never was told.

We will not deliver, ſaid Robin and John,
While e'er we can ſtand on the plain:
So the battle began, and they laid on each man,
Until five of the eight were ſlain.

The three that remain'd for quarter did call,
And Little John begged their lives:
Robin granted his boon, and the yeomen full ſoon
Rejoicing went home to their wives.

This battle was fought near Titbury-town,
When bag-pipers beated the bull;
I'm king of the fidlers, and ſwear it is truth,
And call him that doubts it a gull.

For I ſaw them fighting, and fiddled the while,
And Clorinda ſung, "Hey derry down,"
The bumpkins are beaten; put up thy ſword, Bob,
And now let us dance into town.

And when we came there, ſtrange ſhouting we heard,
And all that were in it look'd madly,
For ſome were a bull-back, ſome dancing a morris,
And ſome ſinging Arthur-a-Bradley.

And there we ſaw Thomas, our Juſtice's clerk,
And Mary, to whom he was kind;
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary Madam,
And kiſs'd her full ſweetly behind.

And ſo may your worſhips—but we went to dinner,
With Thomas, and Mary, and Nan,
Who all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, old Roger, the parſon
Of Dunbridge, was ſent for in haſte;
He brought his maſs-book, and bid them take hands,
And join'd them in wedlock full faſt.

Then bold Robin Hood and his beautiful bride,
Went hand in hand to the green bow'r; The

The birds ſung with pleaſure in merry Sherwood,
At this their bleſt nuptial hour.
When Robin Hood came within ſight of his bow'r,
Where are my good bowmen? ſaid he.
Then Little John anſwer'd, Lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under the greenwood tree.
Then a garland they brought of lillies ſo fair,
And plac'd it upon the bride's head;
The muſic ſtruck up, and they all fell to dance,
Till the bride and bridegroom were in bed.
And what they did there muſt be counſel to me,
Becauſe they lay long the next day;
And I made haſte home, and got a good piece
Of the bride-cake, and ſo came away.
Now alas! I had almoſt forgotten to tell,
That married they were with a ring,
And ſo will Nan Night, or be buried a maiden:
And now let us pray for the King:
That he may get children and they may get more,
To govern and do us ſome good,
And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bow'r,
And ſing them in merry Sherwood.

II.—*Shewing* Robin Hood's *Progreſs to* Nottingham, *in which he ſlew fifteen* Foreſters.

Tune—*Bold Robin Hood, &c.*

ROBIN HOOD was a tall young man,
Derry, derry down,
And fifteen winters old;
Robin Hood was a proper young lad,
Of courage ſtout and bold.
Hey down, derry derry down.
Robin Hood went to fair Nottingham,
With the General for to dine,
Of fifteen Foreſters he was aware,
Drinking beer, ale, and wine.
What news, what news? ſaid Robin Hood,
What news fain would'ſt thou know?
If our King hath appointed a ſhooting match,
I am ready with my bow.
We hold it in ſcorn, the Foreſters ſaid,
That you, before our king, Should

Should bear a bow, who are ſo young.
And not able to draw one ſtring.
I'll hold twenty marks, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
I'll hold them inſtantly,
That I'll hit the mark an hundred rood,
And cauſe an hart to die.
We'll hold twenty marks, the Foreſters ſaid,
We'll hold them inſtantly,
You'll not hit the mark an hundred rood,
Nor cauſe an hart to die.
Then Robin Hood bent his noble long bow,
And a broad arrow he let fly,
He hit the mark an hundred rood,
And caus'd an hart to die
The hart did ſkip, and the hart did leap,
And the hart lay on the ground;
The wager is mine, ſaid Robin Hood,
If it were for a thouſand pound.
The wager's not thine, the Foreſters ſaid,
Altho' thou be in haſte;
Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,
Leſt we thy ſides do baſte.
Then Robin Hood took up his noble bow,
And his broad arrows all amain;
Baſte not my ſides, ye Foreſters brave,
Leſt it ſhould cauſe ye pain.
This ſaid, he bent his noble long bow,
And his broad arrows he let fly,
Till fourteen of the fifteen Foreſters
On the green graſs did lye.
He that the quarrel firſt began,
Prepar'd to run away;
But Robin quickly bent his bow,
Which cauſed him to ſtay.
Quoth Robin, You ſaid I no archer was;
But you'll not ſay ſo again:
Another arrow then he ſent,
Which ſplit his heart in twain.
You've found me an archer, ſaid Robin Hood,
Which will make your wives to wring,
And wiſh that you had ne'er ſpoke the word,
To have made me do this thing.

The people that liv'd in fair Nottingham
Came running out apace,
Intending to take bold Robin Hood;
But they met with great diſgrace.
Some loſt their legs, and ſome their arms,
And many loſt their blood;
But Robin Hood, without controul,
March'd off to the greenwood.
They carried theſe Foreſters to fair Nottingham,
As many there did know;
They dug their graves in the church-yard,
And bury'd them in a row.

III.—*Shewing how the jolly* Pinder of Wakefield *fought with* Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet, *and* Little John, *a long Summer's Day.*

To a Northern Tune.

IN Wakefield there lived a jolly Pinder,
In Wakefield, all on a green,
In Wakefield, all on a green.
Nor Knight nor 'Squire, the Pinder ſaid,
Nor Baron that is ſo bold,
Nor Baron that is ſo bold,
Dare make a treſpaſs to the town of Wakefield.
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.
All this beheard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John,
With that they' ſpied the jolly Pinder,
As he ſat under a thorn.
Now, turn again, turn again, ſaid the Pinder,
Elſe you will meet with ſcorn;
For you have forſaken the king's highway,
And made a path over the corn.
O that were great ſhame, quoth jolly Robin,
We being three, and thou but one:
The Pinder leapt back thirty good feet—
'Twas thirty good feet and one.
The Pinder then drew his truſty ſword,
Tho' aſſiſtant he had none,
He lean'd his back unto a thorn,
And his foot againſt a ſtone;

And

And there he fought a long ſummer's day,
With courage ſtout and true,
Until their ſwords and bucklers broad
All into pieces flew.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
And my merry men all forbear,
For this is the ſtouteſt Pinder by far,
That I encounter'd e'er.

O wilt thou forſake the Pinder's craft,
And live in the green wood with me?
At Michaelmas next my cov'nant comes out,
When ev'ry man gathers his fee.

And if thou'lt forſake the Pinder's craft,
And live on the foreſter's cheer,
A liv'ry of brown, and another of green,
I will give thee twice in a year.

Then I will thy bow and ſharp arrows take,
And haſten me to the green wood,
Taſte thy bread and thy beef, and nut-brown ale,
Said the Pinder, I like ſuch food.

If Michaelmas-day was but come and gone,
And my maſter had paid my fee,
Then would I care as little for him,
As my maſter doth for me.

IV —*Shewing how* Robin Hood *changed Clothes with an* old Woman, *when he robbed the* Biſhop, *and then made him ſay Maſs.*

Tune—Robin Hood *and the* Stranger.

COME, Gentlemen all, and liſten a while,
With a hey down, down and a down,
And a ſtory to you I'll unfold,
How bold Robin Hood did the Biſhop ſerve,
When he robb'd his grace of his gold.

As it fell out on a ſun-ſhining day,
When Phœbus was in his prime,
Then bold Robin Hood, that archer ſo good,
In mirth would ſpend ſome time.

And as he rang'd the foreſt ſo wide,
Some paſtime to eſpy,
There was he aware of a Biſhop ſo proud,
And his fat company.

The

Then Robin conſider'd what he ſhould do,
Not one of his men being near;
Quoth he, I'm afraid that I taken will be,
And the Biſhop will hang me, I fear.

Then quickly he turned himſelf round about,
And a little houſe he did eſpy;
Where he ran with all ſpeed, and to the old wife
He loudly began to cry.

What ſtranger art thou then, the old woman ſaid?
Or com'ſt thou for bad or for good?
I am an outlaw, but I mean you no harm,
And my name it is bold Robin Hood.

Lo, yonder's the Biſhop, and his fat tribe,
And if that I taken ſhall be,
No mercy he'll have; but, without more ado,
He'll hang me up to a tree.

Then if thou be Robin Hood, ſaid the old wife,
As thou doſt appear unto me,
I'll for thee provide, and ſafely will hide
From the Biſhop and his company.

For I well remember, on Saturday night,
Thou brought'ſt me ſhoes and hoſe;
Therefore, to oblige thee I'm certainly bound,
And will hide thee ſafe from thy foes.

Then quickly give me thy old coat of grey,
And take thou my mantle of green;
Thy ſpindle and twine unto me reſign,
And take thou my arrows ſo keen.

Now when Robin Hood was thus array'd,
He went his companions to ſee,
With his ſpindle and twine, he oft look'd behind,
For the Biſhop and his company.

When Little John ſaw him, he cry'd, who is that
That yonder comes over the lee?
An arrow I quickly will at her let fly,
So like an old witch looks ſhe.

Hold thy hand, Little John, ſaid Robin Hood,
And ſhoot not thy arrows at me;
For I'm Robin Hood, thy maſter ſo good,
As preſently thou ſhalt ſee.

The Biſhop he came to the old woman's houſe,
And called with furious mood, Come,

Come, make no delay, but bring forth to me,
That bold traitor Robin Hood.

The old wife was set on a milk-white steed,
His Grace rode a dapple grey;
And for joy that he had got bold Robin Hood,
He merrily gallop'd away.

But as they were riding the forest along,
The Bishop he chanced to see
An hundred brave bow-men, both gallant and gay,
Stand under the green wood tree.

O, who are those yonder, the Bishop he said,
That are ranged within the wood?
Marry, quoth the old wife, I take it to be
A man called bold Robin Hood.

And pray who art thou, the Bishop reply'd,
Which I have now here with me?
I am an old woman, thou mitred divine,
If you lift up my hood you may see.

Then woe is me, said the Bishop, that e'er
I liv'd for to travel this way;
Then turn'd to depart; but bold Robin cry'd out,
Good Bishop, for company stay.

Then Robin Hood seiz'd the Bishop's grey horse,
And tied him fast to a tree;
Little John leap'd for joy at the Bishop's sad case,
And danced and sung merrily.

Then Robin Hood took off his cloak from his back,
And spread it upon the ground,
Then out of the Bishop's portmanteau he took
The sum of five hundred pound.

So now, Mr. Bishop, said Robin, depart;
Said Little John, that may not be;
For I vow and protest, he shall sing us a mass,
Before that he goes from me.

Then Robin took hold of his Grace by the hand,
And bound him quite fast to a tree.
And made him sing mass; but the joke of it was,
They laugh'd at his divinity.

And then they unbound him, and set him astride,
Once more on his dapple grey,
With his face to the a—, and the tail in his hand,
And thus he went jogging away.

V.—Robin Hood *and the* Butcher: *and ſhewing how he robbed the* Sheriff *of* Nottingham.

Tune—Robin Hood *and the* Beggar.

COME, all you brave gallants, and liſten a while,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
To the ſong I intend for to ſing.
'Tis of bold Robin Hood, that archer ſo good,
Who often has made the woods ring. *Hey down, &c.*

It happened once on a time to be ſo,
Bold Robin he chanc'd to eſpy
A jolly Butcher, on a bonny fine mare,
With his fleſh to the market did hie.

Good morrow, good fellow, ſaid Robin to him,
What geer haſt thou got? tell to me:
Thy trade alſo tell, and where thou doſt dwell,
For methinks thou art good company.

The Butcher then gave him to underſtand,
That his fleſh he was going to ſell;
To Nottingham he was bound haſtily,
But would not tell where he did dwell.

Quoth Robin, I fain would a Butcher appear;
Then if thou wilt ſell unto me
Thy fleſh and thy mare, be they ever ſo dear,
I will inſtantly pay thee thy fee.

For ten marks, the Butcher to Robin Hood ſold
His fleſh and his bonny fine mare;
Then Robin away, without more delay
To Nottingham town did repair.

At the inn where the Sheriff himſelf did put up,
Bold Robin his quarters beſpoke;
But how for to ſell he did not know well,
So now you ſhall hear a fine joke.

When he open'd his ſhop, great buſineſs he got,
Inſomuch that no other could thrive;
For more meat did he ſell for one penny,
Than the others could do for five.

The Butchers of Nottingham wondered how
This ſtranger ſuch trade could ſtand;
Which made them declare, he was ſome young heir,
That had ſold off his father's land.

And now of his cattle he means to diſpoſe;
Acquainted with him let us be;
A bargain of him we may purchaſe to-day;

He

He ſeems to be gallant and free.
Says one of them, quickly, I'll up to him go,
And aſk him to dinner and wine;
Then to him he ſaid, we are all of a trade,
Come, brother, with me will you dine?
Then Robin conſented, and thus to him ſaid,
My brethren I will not deny;
But ſell off my meat, and follow you ſtraight,
As quickly as e'er I can hie.
Then Robin Hood follow'd without more ado,
Where the High Sheriff happen'd to be;
To whom Robin ſaid, I'm a butcher to trade,
And am proud of thy company.
They ſat down to dinner, and when they had done,
Bold Robin ſaid o'er and o'er,
Come, let us be gay, for the reck'ning I'll pay,
Tho' it coſt me five pounds, or more.
Then call for more wine, and be merry, he ſaid;
Says the Sheriff, he's ſome prodigal,
And now I will try a good bargain to buy:
Haſt thou horn'd beaſts for to ſell?
Yes, good maſter Sheriff, quoth Robin, I have
Some hundreds, which ſoon you may ſee;
Of which I'll make you an aſſurance as true
As ever my father made me.
The Sheriff then mounted his palfrey ſo good,
And with three hundred pounds in gold,
He went with Robin Hood to merry Sherwood,
His flocks of fine beaſts to behold.
They had not rode far, when came tripping by
An hundred of good red deer;
Then Robin averr'd, that this was his herd,
And ſwore they were both fat and fair.
Then Robin Hood ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew out ſtrong blaſts three;
The Sheriff then ſaid, of thee I'm afraid,
For I like not thy company.
Then came Little John and the reſt of his men,
Crying maſter you're welcome here;
From Nottingham town is the Sheriff come down,
To taſte of the foreſter's cheer.

If ſo, he is welcome to me. I declare,
And I think he will honeſtly pay;
He has ſtore of gold, if it were but well told,
Would ſerve us to drink a whole day.
His mantle ſo good then took Robin Hood,
And ſpread it upon the green graſs,
And into it told the Sheriff's bright gold,
Then ſaid that he homeward might paſs.

VI.—Robin Hood *and the* Tanner: *ſhewing how Robin Hood met with his Match.*

Tune—Robin Hood *and the* Stranger.

IN Nottingham lived a jolly tanner,
With a hey down, down, and a down.
Whoſe name was Arthur a-Bland,
There was not a 'Squire in Nottinghamſhire
Dare bid bold Arthur to ſtand.
A long pike-ſtaff on his ſhoulder he bore,
With which he oft clear'd his way;
For two or three he would make for to flee,
And never would ſhew them foul play.
One fair ſummer's morning as he walked out,
To the foreſt of merry Sherwood,
To view the red deer, that range here and there,
When he met with bold Robin Hood.
Then Robin reſolv'd ſome ſport for to make,
And ſaid, fellow, what brings you here?
In ſooth, to be brief, thou look'ſt like a thief,
That's come for to ſteal our king's deer.
For I am a keeper within this wood,
Our king he hath put me in truſt,
To look to his deer, that belong to him here,
And therefore arreſt thee I muſt.
If thou be a keeper within this wood,
And haſt ſuch a great command,
Yet thou muſt have more aſſiſtants in ſtore,
Before thou ſhall make me to ſtand.
I have no aſſiſtants, nor help do I need,
But I have a good oaken ſtaff,
Which when thou wilt feel, 'twill make thee to reel,
'Twill tickle, but not make thee laugh.
Thy ſword, bow and arrow, and ſtaff I deſpiſe,

And all thy fine armour to boot;
If I but come down with a crack on thy crown
'Twill teach thee a new way to shoot.

Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow so long,
He took up a staff of a strong oak graft,
That was both stiff and strong.

I yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,
If thou will but yield to mine;
For I have a staff of a strong oak graft,
Not half a foot longer than thine.

We'll measure our weapons, then, said Robin Hood;
Quoth Arthur, I will not agree;
Eight feet and a half will knock down a calf,
And I hope it will level thee.

Then Robin he could no longer forbear,
But gave him a heavy knock,
Which caus'd, very soon, the blood to run down,
Before that it was ten o'clock.

Then Arthur he soon recover'd himself,
And gave him a knock on the crown,
That from every hair of Robin's head,
The blood ran trickling down.

Then Robin he raged like a wild boar,
As sooh as he saw his own blood;
And Bland was in haste, and laid on as fast,
As if he had been cleaving wood.

And about, and at length, and across they ran,
Like two wild boars in a chase,
Striving to aim each other to maim—
Leg, arm, or any other place.

The battle did last for two hours and more,
And the strokes did so heavily fall,
That the blood ran down from each others crown;
Then Robin to Arthur did call.

Enough of this work, honest friend: hold thy hand,
And deal not so roughly with me;
For I swear by the Rood, that in merry Sherwood
Henceforth thou shalt ever be free.

Much thanks to my staff for that favour I owe,
Since with it my freedom I've gain'd.
Quoth Robin, what trade art thou, honest blade,

That ſo well thy cauſe haſt maintain'd?
Quoth Arthur, I'll anſwer you that in a trice,
For a ſtout hearty blade you appear;
A tanner I am, and in fair Nottingham
I have liv'd this many a year.
Then Robin he ſaid. forſake thou thy trade,
And live in the green wood with me;
My name's Robin Hood, and I ſwear by the rood,
Thou ſhalt have gold plenteouſly.
Bold Arthur reply'd, if thou be Robin Hood,
As I do believe thou art,
Then here is my hand, my name's Arthur a Bland,
I hope we two never will part.
But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,
Of that young man fain would I hear;
For we are ally'd by the mother's ſide,
And he is my kinſman near.
Then Robin Hood blew on his bugle horn,
A blaſt both loud and ſhrill,
When quickly, anon, appear'd Little John,
Come tripping it down a green hill.
O what is the matter, then ſaid Little John?
I pray, to me haſtily tell,
Why thus do you ſtand, with your ſtaff in your hand?
I fear with you all is not well.
A ſtout hardy fellow hath made me to ſtand—
This tanner you ſee by my ſide,
He is a bold blade, and expert at his trade,
For he ſoundly hath tanned my hide.
He's much to be prais'd, then ſaid Little John.
If a feat ſuch as that he can do;
Altho' he's ſo ſtout, we will have a bout,
And try if he'll tan mine too.
Hold thy hand, Little John, ſaid Robin Hood,
For as I do underſtand, he's a yeomen good, and of (thine own blood,
His name is Arthur a-Bland.
The Little John threw his ſtaff away,
As far as he could it fling, and ran out of hand to (Arthur a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling.
Then Robin Hood took them each by the hand,
And danc'd around an oak tree,
Singing, three merry men, and three merry men,

And three merry men are we.
And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
We will be united as one;
The woods ſhall ring, and the old wives ſing
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

VII.—Robin Hood *and the jovial* Tinker.

Tune—*In Summer Time, &c.*

IN ſummer time when leaves are green, and birds chaunt melody, *With a hey down, &c.* (ſee,
Robin Hood went to Nottingham ſome paſtime for to
And as he came to Nottingham, a Tinker he did meet,
And ſeeing him a luſty blade, he kindly did him greet.
What trade art thou, ſaid Robin Hood?
Where doſt thou live tell me?
I am a Tinker to my trade, and live at Banbury.
There's news abroad, quoth Robin Hood,
And tis, as I do hear, (and beer.
Two Tinkers that were put i'th' ſtocks for drinking ale
If that be all, the Tinker ſaid,
Then I may ſay to you, (true.
Your news it is not worth a f—t, altho' it all were
What news abroad? quoth Robin Hood,
You've news, I know full well; ſome to tell.
For one that goes from town to town, muſt needs have
The news I hear, the Tinker ſaid,
I know is meant for good, (Hood.
It is to ſeek a bold outlaw, whom they call Robin
I have a warrant from the King,
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where he is, I will make you a man.
Then Robin Hood unto him ſaid,
Let me the warrant ſee; (with thee.
Perhaps it is not rightly drawn, which thou haſt got
That will I not, the Tinker ſaid,
None with it will I truſt; (I muſt:
And where he is, if you'll not tell, take him by force
Now Robin Hood perceiving well,
How that the game would go, (I know.
Said, let us haſte to Nottingham, we'll find him there
The Tinker had a crab-tree ſtaff,
Which was both good and ſtrong; And

And Robin had a trusty blade,
So they both jogg'd along.
And when they came to Nottingham,
There they took up their inn, (begin.
And loudly call'd for ale and wine, and did to drink
But then, they drank so very fast,
The Tinker he forgot (not.
What thing he was about to do, but Robin Hood did
For, when the Tinker fell asleep,
Robin made haste away, 'pay.
And left his comrade in the lurch, the reck'ning for to
But, when the Tinker he awoke,
And found that all was gone, (moan.
He then enquired for his host, and thus he made his
I had a warrant from the King,
That might have done me good; (Hood.
It was to seize a bold outlaw, whom they call Robin
My warrant, now, and money's gone,
I've not wherewith to pay;
He that appear'd to be my friend, has taken all away.
This friend you speak of, said the host,
Is that same Robin Hood; (where he stood.
Far better, when you met with him, you'd left him
Had I but known that it was he,
While he remained here, (other cheer.
My crab-tree staff had been employ'd to give him
In the mean while I must away,
No longer here I'll 'bide.
For I will go and seek him out, whatever shall betide,
But first the reck'ning I must know,
Before I go away? (pay.
Ten shillings, answered the host, is what there is to
Then keep thou here this working-bag,
And my good hammer too; (your due.
And if I light upon that knave, you soon shall have
The only way, then said the host,
Is not to stand in fear; (fat deer.
But seek him out among the woods, slaying the king's
The Tinker then set off with speed,
And made no more delay, (gay.
Until he found out Robin Hood, all in the green wood
He there espy'd this bow-man bold, Hunt-

Hunting the nimble deer;
What knave art thou, said Robin Hood,
That dare approach me here?
No knave am I, the Tinker said,
And that you soon shall know; (tree staff shall shew.
Which of us twain hast done most wrong, my crab-
Then Robin drew his shining blade,
Made of the trusty steel; (Robin reel-
But well the Tinker play'd his part, and soon made
Then Robin's anger did arise,
He fought most manfully,
Until he nearly had oblig'd the Tinker for to flee.
More furious now they laid about,
And ply'd their weapons fast,
But Robin to the Tinker was oblig'd to yield at last.
A boon, a boon, then Robin cries,
I pray thou grant to me; (tree.
Before I do, the Tinker said, I'll hang thee on this
Then Robin Hood with might and main,
His horn he loudly blew, (Scarlet too.
Then came unto him Little John, and brave Will
Now, master, tell, quoth Little John,
What is the matter here? full dear.
This Tinker, answer'd Robin Hood, has made me pay
Then I will try, quoth Little John,
What he can do with me; (conquer thee.
For sure he must be wondrous brave, that thus could
That must not be, said Robin Hood;
Here let the quarrel cease; (in peace.
The Tinker's friend I'll ever prove, and live with him
An hundred pounds I'll freely give,
For he hath earn'd it well; (dwell.
He shall have more, if here with us he will consent to
The Tinker straightway did agree,
With them to go along, (song.
Resolving for to share their fate;—and thus I end my

VIII.—Robin Hood *and* Allen a-Dale.

Tune—Robin Hood *in the green Wood stood.*

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw, That

That liv'd in Nottinghamſhire — That liv'd, &c.
As Robin Hood in the foreſt ſtood,
All under the green wood tree. (ſine may be.
There was he aware of a fine young man, as fine as
This youth was cloath'd in a ſcarlet coat,
All laced fine and gay; (roundelay.
And he did friſk it o'er the plain, and chaunted a
As Robin Hood next morning ſtood,
Among the leaves ſo green, (before had ſeen.
This ſame young man came drooping by, which he
The ſcarlet he wore the day before
Was changed now to grey; (day!
And every ſtep he fetch'd a ſigh, alack! and a-well-a-
Then ſtepped forth brave Little John, and Midge
the miller's ſon; (forth he ſaw them come.
Which made this young man bend his bow, when
Stand off, ſtand off, the young man ſaid,
What is your will with me? (wood tree.
You muſt before our maſter come, under yon green
And when he came before Robin Hood,
Bold Robin aſk'd him then, (ry men,
O haſt thou any money to ſpare, for me and my mer-
I have no money, the young man ſaid,
But five ſhillings and a ring, (my wedding.
Which I have kept thoſe ſeven long years to have at
Laſt night, I was to have marry'd a maid,
But ſhe was from me ta'en, (heart is ſlain.
And choſen to be an old knight's wife, by which my
What is thy name? then Robin Hood ſaid,
Come, tell me, without fail;
By the faith of my body, then ſaid the youth,
My name is Allen a Dale.
What wilt thou give, ſaid Robin Hood,
In ready gold to me, (to thee?
To bring thee to thy own true love, and give her un-
I have no gold, the young man ſaid,
Or I would freely give; [live.
But I will ſwear, upon the book, thy ſervant true to
How far is it to thy true love?
Come, tell me without guile;
Believe me, ſir, the young man ſaid,
It is but five ſhort mile. Then

Then Robin hasted o'er the plain,
And no-where did abide,
Until he came unto the church, and searched for the bride
What do'st thou here? the Bishop said,
Come, quickly tell to me?
I'm a harper good, quoth Robin Hood, and the best in this country.
O then, thou'rt welcome, the Bishop said,
Such music pleaseth me;
You shall have no music, quoth Robin Hood,
'Till the bridgroom and bride I see.
With that came in a wealthy knight,
Who was both grave and old,
And after him a damsel fine, who shone like glitt'ring gold.
This is a wrong match, bold Robin said,
Which you've contrived here;
And since we are come into church, the bride shall chuse her dear.
Then Robin Hood took out his horn,
And blew blasts two or three,
When four-and-twenty bow-men bold, came running o'er the lee.
And when they came to the church-yard,
All marching in a row,
The first they met was Allen a-Dale, who held bold Robin's bow.
This is thy love, quoth Robin Hood,
Young Allen, as you say;
Therefore, you shall be married straight, ere we do part this day.
That may not be, the Bishop said,
For, thy words will not stand;
They must be thrice proclaim'd in church; tis the law of our land.
Robin pull'd off the Bishop's coat,
And put it on Little John?
By the faith of my body, Robin said, this cloth makes thee a man.
When Little John went to the choir,
All laugh'd that did him view;
He call'd them seven times in the church, left three times should not do.
Who gives this maid? quoth Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, 'tis I;
And he that takes her from Allen a-Dale, he must her dearly buy.
Now, having join'd this youthful pair,
The bride look'd like a queen;
So they return'd to merry Sherwood,
Among the leaves so green.

IX.

IX,—Robin Hood, Little John, *and the* Shepherd.
Tune—*Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.*

ALL gentlemen and yeomen bold,
Down, a down, a down,
I wish you to draw near,
And a story of bold Robin Hood
You presently shall hear. *Down, a down &c.*
As Robin Hood the forest rang'd.
Some pastime to espy, (ground did lie-
There was he aware of a Shepherd swain, that on the
Arise, arise, bold Robin said,
And straightway tell to me, (me see.
What's in thy bottle and thy bag, come, quickly let
What's that to thee, thou proud fellow,
That does before me stand? (thy command.
Ere thou shalt know what they contain, I must see
My sword that hangeth by my side,
Is the command I'll shew; (woe:
Come let me of thy bottle taste, or it may breed thee
No, not a drop, the shepherd said,
Of it will I give thee, (or flee.
Until thy valour first be try'd, whether thou'lt fight
Then let us fight, bold Robin said,
For what my purse contains; (thy pains.
Here's twenty pounds in sterling gold, and win it for
The Shepherd then was in amaze,
And knew not what to say: (bag I'll lay.
I have no coin, thou fellow proud, but bottle and
I am content, thou Shepherd swain,
Fling them here on the ground; (twenty pound.
I'm sure, 'twill breed thee mickle pain, to win my
Come, draw thy sword, the Shepherd said,
Thou stand'st too long to prate; (hate.
This hook of mine shall let thee know, a coward I do
So they fell to it hard and sore,
'Twas on a summer's day, (did play.
From ten, 'till four in th' afternoon, they at this work
Bold Robin's buckler prov'd his friend,
And sav'd him many a blow; (kle woe.
For, every stroke the Shepherd gave, bred Robin mic-
For, many a sturdy stroke was dealt,
And that bold Robin found, Until

4 Queen Catherine — Should be Queen Eleanor

Until the blood ran trickling down,
Then he fell on the ground.
Arise, arise, thou fellow proud,
And thou shalt have fair play; (day.
Or thou must yield before I go, that I have won the
A boon I ask, cry'd Robin Hood,
If that a man thou be, (three.
And let me take my bugle horn, until I blow blasts
Unto him then the Shepherd said,
To that I will agree; (flee.
For if thou blow until the morn, I scorn one inch to
Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew with might and main, (plain.
Till in a short time Little John came tripping o'er the
O who is that the Shepherd said,
That comes down yonder hill? (thee thy fill.
That's Little John, Robin Hood's man, he'll fight with
Says John, what is the matter here,
Pray, master, now with thee? (quer'd me.
My case is bad, cries Robin Hood, this Shepherd con-
If that's the case, says Little John,
He must be brave, I know; (go.
But, with him I will have a bout, before that he does
With all my heart, the Shepherd cry'd;
For, it shall ne'er be said, (dismay'd.
A Shepherd bold, by thy big words, will one jot be
So they fell to it hard and sore,
Contending eagerly; (the victory.
Says John, we'll know, ere we give o'er, who'll gain
The Shepherd then gave John a blow,
With his hook on the chin; (begin.
Beshrew thy heart, says Little John, thou roughly does
That nothing is, the Shepherd said,
Yield thou to me this day, (est away.
Or rougher treatment thou wilt get, before thou go.
What! dost thou think, thou fellow proud,
That thou can'st conquer me? (will flee.
Nay, thou shalt know, I still will fight, before that I
With that, they did begin again,
And would have fought still on; (ger's won.
But Robin cry'd out, hold thy hand, I yield the va-
With all my heart, said Little John, To

IX,—Robin Hood, Little John, *and the* Shepherd.
Tune—*Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.*

ALL gentlemen and yeomen bold,
Down, a down, a down,
I wish you to draw near,
And a story of bold Robin Hood
You presently shall hear. *Down, a down &c.*
As Robin Hood the forest rang'd.
Some pastime to espy, (ground did lie-
There was he aware of a Shepherd swain, that on the
Arise, arise, bold Robin said,
And straightway tell to me, (me see.
What's in thy bottle and thy bag, come, quickly let
What's that to thee, thou proud fellow,
That does before me stand? (thy command.
Ere thou shalt know what they contain, I must see
My sword that hangeth by my side,
Is the command I'll shew; (woe:
Come let me of thy bottle taste, or it may breed thee
No, not a drop, the shepherd said,
Of it will I give thee, (or flee.
Until thy valour first be try'd, whether thou'lt fight
Then let us fight, bold Robin said,
For what my purse contains; (thy pains.
Here's twenty pounds in sterling gold, and win it for
The Shepherd then was in amaze,
And knew not what to say: (bag I'll lay.
I have no coin, thou fellow proud, but bottle and
I am content, thou Shepherd swain,
Fling them here on the ground; (twenty pound.
I'm sure, 'twill breed thee mickle pain, to win my
Come, draw thy sword, the Shepherd said,
Thou stand'st too long to prate; (hate.
This hook of mine shall let thee know, a coward I do
So they fell to it hard and sore,
'Twas on a summer's day, (did play.
From ten, 'till four in th' afternoon, they at this work
Bold Robin's buckler prov'd his friend,
And sav'd him many a blow; (kle woe.
For, every stroke the Shepherd gave, bred Robin mic-
For, many a sturdy stroke was dealt,
And that bold Robin found, Until

4 Queen Catherine — Shuly be Queen Eleanor

Until the blood ran trickling down,
Then he fell on the ground.
Arise, arise, thou fellow proud,
And thou shalt have fair play; (day.
Or thou must yield before I go, that I have won the
A boon I ask, cry'd Robin Hood,
If that a man thou be, (three.
And let me take my bugle horn, until I blow blasts
Unto him then the Shepherd said,
To that I will agree; (flee.
For if thou blow until the morn, I scorn one inch to
Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew with might and main, (plain.
Till in a short time Little John came tripping o'er the
O who is that the Shepherd said,
That comes down yonder hill? (thee thy fill.
That's Little John, Robin Hood's man, he'll fight with
Says John, what is the matter here,
Pray, master, now with thee? (quer'd me.
My case is bad, cries Robin Hood, this Shepherd con-
If that's the case, says Little John,
He must be brave, I know; (go.
But, with him I will have a bout, before that he does
With all my heart, the Shepherd cry'd;
For, it shall ne'er be said, (dismay'd.
A Shepherd bold, by thy big words, will one jot be
So they fell to it hard and sore,
Contending eagerly; (the victory.
Says John, we'll know, ere we give o'er, who'll gain
The Shepherd then gave John a blow,
With his hook on the chin; (begin.
Beshrew thy heart, says Little John, thou roughly does
That nothing is, the Shepherd said,
Yield thou to me this day, (est away.
Or rougher treatment thou wilt get, before thou go-
What! dost thou think, thou fellow proud,
That thou can'st conquer me? (will flee.
Nay, thou shalt know, I still will fight, before that I
With that they did begin again,
And would have fought still on; (ger's won.
But Robin cry'd out, hold thy hand, I yield the wa-
With all my heart, said Little John, To

To that I will agree; (did ſee.
For he's the flow'r of ſhepherd ſwains, his like I ne'er
Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
Alſo of Little John, (quer'd them anon.
How that a Shepherd fought them both, and con

X.—*The famous Battle between* Robin Hood *and the* Curtal Friar.——*To a Northern Tune.*

IN ſummer time, when leaves are green,
And flowers freſh and gay, (play.
Robin Hood and his merry men, diſpoſed were to
For ſome would leap and ſome would run,
Some uſe artillery; (pany?
Quoth Robin, who can ſhoot the beſt, in all my com-
Which of ye all can kill a buck?
Or who can kill a doe? (him fro'?
Or who can kill a hart of Greece, five hundred feet
Will Scarlet he did kill a buck,
And Midge he kill'd a doe, (him fro'.
And Little John a hart of Greece, five hundred feet
Joy on thy heart, ſaid Robin Hood,
That thus can ſhoot ſo true; [you.
I'd ride my horſe an hundred miles to find out one like
This cauſ'd Will Scarlet for to laugh,
Which he did heartily; (and thee.
And ſaid, I know a Curtal Friar will beat both him
The Curtal Friar of Fountain-dale
Can draw a good ſtrong bow, (row.
He will beat you and your bowmen, ſet them all in a
Robin he ſwore a ſolemn oath,
It was by our Lady, (he'd ſee.
That he would neither eat nor drink until this Friar
He then put on his harneis good,
And cap of ſteel alſo, (ſhew,
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide, he eat a gallant
His bow he carried in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree, (went he.
And ſheaf of arrows on his back, to Fountain-dale
And coming to fair Fountain-dale,
He quickly there eſpied (ſide.
The Curtal Friar whom he did ſeek, near to a river's
The Friar he was harneſs'd too, And

And no way ſeem'd afraid (lant blade.
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide, a ſtout and gal-
Bold Robin 'lighted off his horſe,
And tied him to a thorn; (forlorn.
Carry me over, thou Curtal Friar, or elſe thy life's
The Friar ſtoop'd to Robin Hood,
Robin did him beſtride; (ſide.
The Friar ſpoke nor good nor bad, till on the other
Robin leap'd off the Friar's back,
The Friar ſaid again, (pain.
Carry me back, thou fellow fine, or it ſhall breed thee
Then Robin ſtoop'd as he had done,
To let the Friar ride,
And did not ſpeak a ſingle word, till at the other ſide.
The Friar leap'd off Robin's back,
Robin again did ſay, (pay.
Carry me over, thou Curtal Friar, or for it thou ſhalt
The Friar once more took him up,
But ſoon as e'er he came
Into the midſt, he inſtantly threw Robin in the ſtream,
Now take thy choice, the Friar ſaid,
I'll carry thee no more,
So either to the bottom ſink, or ſafely ſwim to ſhore.
Robin ſwam to a buſh of broom,
The Friar a willow wand; (land.
And Robin Hood, without delay, did leap upon the
And then an arrow at the Friar he in a rage let fly;
The Friar, with his buckler broad, did put the arrow by.
Shoot on, ſhoot on, thou fellow fine,
Shoot as thou haſt begun; (ſhun.
If thou doſt ſhoot a ſummer's day, thy mark I will not
Robin he ſhot ſo very faſt, his arrows all were ſpent,
Then, with their ſwords and bucklers broad, to cut
and flaſh they went.
From ten o'clock till it was four,
From morn till afternoon, (aſk a boon.
They bravely fought, when Robin he kneel'd down to
A boon I aſk, thou Curtal Friar,
I beg it on my knee, (blaſts three.
To ſet my horn up to my mouth, and blow out ſtrong
That I will grant, the Friar ſaid,
I value not a blaſt. I hope

I hope thou'lt blow ſo paſſing well,
Thou'lt break thy wind at laſt.
Then Robin took his bugle horn,
And blew out ſtrong blaſts three, (o'er the lee.
When fifty bowmen, with bent bows, came running
Whoſe men are theſe, the Friar ſaid,
That come ſo haſtily? (for me.
Theſe are my men, bold Robin ſaid, prepar'd to fight
A boon I aſk, then ſaid the Friar,
The like I gave to thee, (three.
To ſet my fiſt up to my mouth, and times to whiſtle
That will I grant, ſaid Robin Hood,
Elſe I were much to blame; (ſame.
For, as you granted me a boon, to thee I'll do the
The Friar then ſet his fiſt to his mouth,
And loudly gave whutes three, (the lee.
When half a hundred great bay dogs came running o'er
Here is for ev'ry man a dog, and I myſelf for thee,
Nay, by my faith, bold Robin ſaid, to that I'll not agree.
Two dogs then flew at Robin Hood,
Behind him and before, (they tore.
His mantle fine, of Lincoln green, from off his back
And tho' his men ſhot eaſt and weſt.
Tho' they ſhot north and ſouth,
The Curtal dogs, ſo taught were they,
Caught the arrows in their mouth.
Call off thy dogs, ſaid Little John,
Leſt thou repent it ſoon; (aſk this boon?
Whoſe man art thou, replied the Friar, that dare to
I'm Little John, my maſter's man,
I ſcorn to tell a lie; (them die.
If thou will not call off thy dogs, thou ſoon ſhalt ſee
Then Little John did bend his bow,
And ſhot with might and main, (the plain.
When half a ſcore of theſe great dogs lay dead upon
O hold thy hand, the Friar ſaid,
And I will ſtraight agree, (be.
To call away my maſtiff dogs, with all the haſte that
Quoth Robin Hood, leave Fountain-dale,
And Fountain-abbey too, (true.
And live with me in Nottingham, a bowman good and
Thou ſhalt a gay green garment have, Be-

Beſides a golden fee, (tree.
And feaſt each day on veniſon, under the greenwood
The Friar had kept Fountin dale
For ſev'n long years and more,
And neither earl, lord, knight nor 'ſquire,
Could make him yield before.

XI.—Robin Hood's *meeting and fighting with his Couſin* Will Scarlet.

Tune—*Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow.*

COME liſten a while, ye gentlemen all,
Who dwell the bower within,
For a ſtory of bold Robin Hood
I purpoſe now to begin. *With a hey down, &c.*
What time of day? quoth Robin Hood.
Quoth Little John, 'tis prime; (food in time.
Why then, we'll to the greenwood go, and chuſe our
As Robin rang'd the foreſt wide,
In the midſt of the day, (way.
He there eſpy'd a gay young man, as ever walk'd that
His doublet was of fineſt ſilk,
His ſtockings ſcarlet ſhone, (unknown;
With cap and feather nice and gay; to Robin then
A herd of deer was in the bend,
Feeding before his face; (ſpace.
The beſt of ye to dinner I'll have, and that in little
The ſtranger made no more ado,
But bent a good long bow, (him fro'.
The beſt buck in the herd he ſlew, full forty yards
Well ſhot, well ſhot, ſaid Robin Hood,
That ſhot it was in time, (man of mine.
And if thou wilt accept the place, thou ſhalt be a bow-
Go play thee, ſir, the ſtranger ſaid,
Make haſte, and prate no more; (fore.
Or with my fiſt, be ſure of this, I'll give thee buffets
Buffet not me, quoth Robin Hood,
Altho' I am forlorn; (my horn.
For, I have thoſe will take my part, if I but ſound
To wind thy horn, the ſtranger ſaid,
I pray be not in haſte, (thy blaſt.
For I can draw a good broad ſword, and quickly cut
Then Robin bent a good long bow, And

And he to ſhoot was fain, (again.
But that the ſtranger bent one too, to ſhoot at him
O hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood,
To fight thus would be vain,
For if we at each other ſhoot, one of us muſt be ſlain.
Let's take our ſwords and bucklers broad,
And fight beneath yon tree; (with thee.
With all my heart, the ſtranger ſaid, I'll quickly go
Soon Robin lent him ſuch a ſtroke,
As almoſt laid him low; (the blow.
The ſtranger cry'd, I'm in thy debt, and ſoon return'd
Which hitting Robin with full force,
Upon the very crown, (trickling down.
That from each hair the crimſon blood full faſt ran
Mercy I crave, quoth Robin Hood,
I yield, the battle's won; (haſt none.
Then prithee tell me who thou art, for fellow thou
The ſtranger anſwer'd Robin then,
That I will to thee tell; (Gamwell.
In Maxfield I was born and bred; my name is young
For killing of my father's ſtew'rd,
I'm forc'd to the greenwood, (bin Hood.
There for to ſeek an uncle dear, whom men call Ro-
A nephew thou of Robin Hood!
I'm glad our quarrel's done;
Indeed I am, the ſtranger ſaid, his ſiſter's only ſon.
What joy was then between them both,
They did each other greet; (John to meet.
And they went forth without delay, with Little
And when they met with Little John,
He to his maſter ſaid, (long delay'd?
O maſter, pray, where have you been, you have ſo
This ſtranger here, quoth Robin Hood,
Hath fought with me full ſore, (o'er.
To whom I was oblig'd to yield, and forc'd to give it
Quoth Little John, then I with him
Will quickly have a bout, (out.
And try if he can conquer me, and force me to give
O no, O no, ſaid Robin Hood,
That ſhall not be the caſe,
For he's my ſiſter's only ſon, and we will live in peace.
He ſhall be a bowman of mine,

A chief one next to thee, (be:
I Robin Hood, thou Little John, and Scarlet he shall

XII.—Robin Hood *and the* Scotchman.

Tune—*Kind Gentlemen, will you be patient &c.*

NOW bold Robin Hood to the North would go,
With valour and mickle might;
With sword by his side, which oft had been try'd,
To fight and recover his right.
The first that he met was a jolly stout Scot,
His servant he said he would be;
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove false unto me:
Thou hast not been true to Sire nor Cuz;
Nay marry, the Scot he said,
As true as your heart, I never will part,
Good master, be not afraid.
But e'er I employ you, said bold Robin Hood,
With you I must have a bout;
The Scotchman reply'd, let the battle be try'd,
For I know I will beat you out.
Thus saying, the contest did quickly begin,
Which lasted two hours and more;
The blows Sawny gave bold Robin so brave,
The battle soon made him give o'er.
Have mercy, thou Scotchman, bold Robin Hood cry'd.
Full dearly this boon have I bought; (cry'd.
We will both agree, and my man you shall be,
For a stouter I never have fought.
Then Sawny consented with Robin to go,
To be of his bowmen so gay:
Thus ended this fight, and with mickle delight,
To Sherwood they hasted away.

XIII.—Robin Hood's *famous Archery before Queen Catharine, and how he obtained his own and his Followers' Pardon.*

Tune—*There are twelve months in the year.*

GOLD taken from the King's harbingers,
Down a down, a down,
By Robin Hood had been, And

And carried by him and his men, as a preſent to the
Down, a down, a down. (Queen.
If I do live another year,
Thus did Queen Cathrine ſay, (gay.
I will befriend bold Robin Hood, and all his bowmen
The Queen unto her chamber went
And when ſhe thither came, (name.
She called for her fav'rite page, Dick Parrington by
Come here to me thou lovely page,
Come hither ſtraight to me, (can'ſt flee:
For thou muſt poſt to Nottingham, as faſt as thou
And as thou go'ſt to Nottingham,
Look into every wood, (Robin Hood.
And aſk each yeoman that you meet, to tell thee of
And when you ſee him, bid him haſte,
(Not fearing any thing),
Into my preſence, and as pledge, deliver him this ring.
The page he choſe the ſwifteſt horſe,
And then without delay, (day.
He ſtraight ſet off for Nottingham, by dawning of the
Soon as he came to Nottingham,
He halted for to dine, (rheniſh wine.
And drank a health unto the Queen, in a bottle of
He there eſpy'd a yeoman bold,
And aſk'd him, if he could (Hood.
Direct him to that fam'd outlaw, the gallant Robin
Yes, ſays the yeoman, that I can,
If you will come with me, (pany.
You ſhall ſee gallant Robin Hood, with all his com-
And when he came to Robin Hood,
He fell upon his knee, (you well by me.
Queen Catharine ſhe does greet you well, ſhe greets
She bids you haſte to London court,
Not fearing any thing, (gold ring.
And there be preſent at the ſports; and ſends you this
Then Robin took his mantle fine,
Made of the Lincoln green, (Queen.
And ſent it by this fav'rite page, a preſent to the
Himſelf he cloath'd in ſcarlet gay,
His bowmen all in green, (ſeen.
Black hats, white feathers, all alike, moſt gaudy to be
And when he came to London court, He

He fell down on his knee, (company.
Thou'rt welcome Lockſly, ſaid the Queen, and all thy
To Finſbury the king is gone,
And all his yeomanry, (ſhoot for me.
There for to have a ſhooting match, and thou muſt
Come hither, Tepus, ſaid the King,
Bow bearer unto me, (our mark muſt be,
And meaſure ſtraight five hundred feet, the length
What is the wager? ſaid the Queen,
Come, quickly let me hear; (tons of beer;
Three hundred tons of rheniſh wine, three hundred
Three hundred of the fatteſt harts,
That run on Dallan Lee; (thee.
A priencly wager, ſaid the King, let me tell unto
With that beſpoke one Clifton then,
We'll ſhoot at fun and moon; (ſoon;
Full fifteen ſcore our mark ſhall be, let it be meaſured
And I will lay this bow of mine,
'Gainſt any in the land, (low wand,
That at that diſtance I will ſhoo', and cleave the wil-
Both ſides began without delay,
'Till it was three to one; (game is gone.
When all the company cry'd out, Queen Catharine's
A boon, a boon, Queen Catharine cry'd,
I crave it on my knee, (to be.
To chuſe a Knight that will conſent, on my ſide for
Come hither good Sir Richard Lee,
(So ſhe call'd Robin Hood) (Gower's blood.
For I do know thy pedigree, thou'rt ſprung from
She call'd the biſhop of Herefordſhire,
On her ſide for to be;
By my ſilver mitre, he did ſay, I'll not bet one penny.
The King hath archers of of his own,
All ready in your ſight, (knows their might.
And theſe be ſtrangers every one, there's no man
Then bet with me, ſaid Robin Hood,
Thou ſeeſt our game's the worſe, (ney in my purſe.
By my troth, quoth the Biſhop, I will lay, all the mo-
What's in thy purſe? ſaid Robin Hood,
Throw it down on the ground, (hundred pound.
Ninety-nine angels, the Biſhop ſaid, 'tis near one
Bold Robin Hood the wager laid,

And with ſuch ſkill ſhot he, (to three.
That all the nobles were amaz'd, when it was three
'Tis three to three, now ſaid the King,
The next three pays for all; (ſhall be ſmall.
Then Robin Hood ſaid to the Queen, the King's part
Then Clifton clove the willow wand,
But Midge the Miller's ſon, (won,
He hit the mark ſo right in front, that he the wager
A boon, a boon, Queen Catharine cries,
I crave it on my knee, (pany.
That you will angry be with none, that's of my com-
They ſhall have forty days allow'd,
That they may homeward go, (friend or foe.
And thrice that time to ſport and play, let them be
That boon I grant, the King reply'd;
Queen Catharine anſwered then. (ry men.
'Tis Robin Hood, that bold outlaw, and all his mer-
Can this be ſo? the King reply'd,
For it was told to me, (Country.
That he was ſlain by Scottiſh men, far in the North
And then beſpoke the Biſhop ſtraight,
Had I but known 'twas thee, (penny.
I had not ventur'd thus my purſe, nor wager'd one
I do remember on a time,
You would not let me paſs,
But ty'd me faſt unto a tree, and made me ſing a maſs.
Well, if I did, quoth Robin Hood,
You wou'd have taken me, (thee
But as a recompenſe for that, here's half thy gold for

XIV.—Robin Hood's *Chaſe, or, a merry Progreſs between* Robin Hood *and King* Henry.

—*To the ſame* Tune.—

COME gallants all, to you I call,
That are within this place,
For a ſong I'll ſing of Henry our King,
How he did Robin Hood chaſe.
Queen Catharine ſhe a wager laid,
As I have told to you,
Of wine and beer, and good fat deer,
And won the wager too.
All by the means of Robin Hood, And

And his good company;
Who won the game, and for the fame,
They got their pardon free.
But yet the King repented ſore,
That Robin he had been,
With all his men, let go again,
Through favour of the Queen
The King call'd forth his nobles all,
And in a furious mood,
Moſt angrily, declar'd that he
Would chaſe bold Robin Hood.
And when he came to Nottingham,
There was bold Robin Hood,
Who flew ſtraightway, without delay,
And came to merry Sherwood.
Then into Yorkſhire he did hie,
Newcaſtle and Berwick too;
The King was vex'd, and much perplex'd,
And in a paſſion flew.
Now Robin Hood made not long ſtay,
To Carliſle town went he,
To Lancaſter, and then to Cheſter,
Still follow'd by King Henry.
Bold Robin fearing ſome deceit,
Said, let's go to the Queen,
Perhaps ſhe may the reaſon ſay,
Why we've ſo hunted been.
Then Robin to Queen Catharine came,
And fell down on his knee,
May it pleaſe your grace, within this place,
I'd ſpeak with King Henry.
Queen Catharine then unto him ſaid,
The King's gone to Sherwood
And going away, he thus did ſay,
I'll ſeek bold Robin Hood.
Then Robin ſaid to her again,
To Sherwood I will go;
What his Majeſty would have with me,
I willingly would know.
So when King Henry he came home,
Weary and vexed ſore,
He underſtood that Robin Hood Had

Had been there juſt before.
Queen Catharine thus unto him ſaid,
May it pleaſe your Majeſty,
Bold Robin Hood has ſince been here,
Enquiring after thee.
And when King Henry this did hear,
He flew in angry mood,
And ſaid this ſlave's an arrant knave,
Three weeks I've him purſu'd
A boon, a boon, Queen Catharine cry'd,
I beg it of your Grace,
To pardon his life, and ſeek no more ſtrife—
Thus ends this famous chaſe.

XV.—Robin Hood's *Golden Prize, ſhewing how he robbed two Prieſts of five hundred Pounds.*

Tune—*Robin Hood was a tall young Man.*

I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood,
Derry, derry down,
And of brave Little John,
Of Friar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
Lockſly and Maid Morion.
But ſuch a tale as this, before;
I think was never known;
For Robin Hood diſguis'd himſelf,
And from the green-wood's gone.
Like to a Friar, Robin Hood
Made choice of his array,
With hood, gown, beads and crucifix,
He paſs'd along the way.
He had not gone miles two or three,
When he chanc'd to eſpy,
Two luſty prieſts, clad all in black,
Who then came riding by
Benedicite, ſaid Robin Hood,
Some pity on me take;
With a ſingle grot come croſs my hand,
For our dear Lady's ſake;
For all this day I've wand'ring been,
And hard has been my fate,
Not being offer'd cup of drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat.

By

By our Holy Dame, the prieſts reply'd,
One penny you need not crave,
For we this morning have been robb'd,
And cou'd no money ſave.
I'm much afraid, ſaid Robin Hood,
That you both tell a lie;
And now before you do go hence,
I am reſolv'd to try.
Soon as the prieſts heard him ſay ſo,
They gallop'd off amain,
But Robin Hood purſu'd them faſt,
And o'ertook them again.
Then inſtantly he ſeiz'd them both,
And pull'd each of his horſe,
O ſpare us, Friar, the prieſts cry'd out,
On us have ſome remorſe.
Quoth Robin, ye ſaid no money ye had,
Therefore without delay,
We three will fall down on our knees,
And for ſome money pray.
The prieſts they could not now refuſe,
But down they kneel'd with ſpeed;
And offer'd up a fervent pray'r,
For money in this their need.
Sometimes they pray'd in pitious caſe,
Sometimes their hands they wrung,
Sometimes they ſigh'd, and ſometimes wept,
While merily Robin ſung.
When they had pray'd an hour or more,
Robin did then relent,
And ſaid let me each purſe explore,
To ſee what Heav'n hath ſent.
We muſt be ſharers all alike,
Of as much as we have;
And there's not one of us three here,
His fellow ſhall deceive.
The prieſts did then their pockets ſearch,
But ſwore they had got none;
Well, I myſelf, quoth Robin Hood,
Will try you one by one.
Then Robin did them cloſely ſearch,
And found good ſtore of gold;

Five hundred pieces presently,
Upon the grass he told.
Here is a shew, said Robin Hood,
Most glorious for to see,
Of which you each shall have a part,
You pray'd so heartily.
Then gave them fifty pounds a piece,
The rest himself did keep;
The priests they did not speak a word,
But sighed wond'rous deep.
They then arose from off their knees,
Thinking away to go;
Nay, nay, quoth Robin, stay a while,
You must not part me so;
You shall be sworn most solemnly,
Upon this holy grass,
That you will ne'er tell lies again,
Which way soe'er you pass.
The next oath you shall take is this,
To give alms to the poor;
Say you have met an holy Friar,
And I desire no more.
When they had sworn what he requir'd,
Away he let them ride,
Then to the green wood he return'd,
With joy and mickle pride.

XVI.—*Of* Robin Hood's *rescuing* Will Stutely *from the Sheriff.*

Tune—*Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.*

AS Robin Hood, in the green wood stood,
Derry, derry down,
Under the greenwood tree,
Tidings there came to him with speed,
Tidings for certainty: Hey down, &c.
That Will Stutely surpris'd was,
And eke in prison lay;
Three varlets whom the King had hir'd,
Did basely him betray.
Before that they cou'd conquer him,
He two of them did slay;
And for the same in sentenc'd was, For

For to be hang'd next day.
When Robin Hood this news did hear,
He grieved was full sore;
And also his brave bowmen bold,
Who altogether swore,
That Stutely straight shou'd rescu'd be,
And to the woods again
Return with them to hunt the deer,
Or in his cause be slain.
Then Robin dress'd himself in red,
His merry men in green,
With swords and bucklers, and long bows,
Most warlike to be seen.
Soon as they near the prison came,
Where Stutely prisoner lay,
I hold it good, said Robin Hood,
We here in ambush stay.
And send one forth some news to hear,
Of yonder Palmer there,
Whose cell is near the castle wall,
Some news he may declare.
With that went forth a brisk young man,
Who was of courage bold,
And thus unto the Palmer said,
I pray thee Palmer old,
Tell me if thou do'st rightly ken,
When must Will Stutely die,
Who was of Robin Hood's brave men,
And here doth prisoner lie?
Alas! alas! the Palmer said,
For ever woe is me,
Will Stutely must this day be hang'd,
On yonder gallows tree:
Oh, did his noble master know,
He would some succour send;
A few of his good bowmen bold
Would save him from this end.
Ay, that is true, the young man said,
They soon would set him free;
But fare thee well, thou good old man,
Farewell and thanks to thee.

Soon after this young man was gone,
The gates were open'd wide,
And from the caſtle Stutely came,
Guarded on ev'ry ſide,
When forth he from the caſtle came,
And ſaw no help was nigh,
He thus unto the Sheriff ſaid;
Seeing I now muſt die,
Grant me, I pray, but one ſmall boon,
Before I hanged be;
My maſter ne'er a bowman had,
That ſuffer'd on a tree.
Give me a broad ſword in my hand,
And let me be unbound,
And with thee and thy men I'll fight,
'Till I drop on the ground.
I'll not conſent, the Sheriff ſaid,
For hanged thou muſt be;
And ſo ſhall thy vile maſter too.
When in my cuſtody,
O daſtard coward, Stutely cries,
Faint-hearted and unkind,
If e'er my maſter does thee meet,
Thou ſhalt thy payment find.
My noble maſter thee doth ſcorn,
And all thy ſlaviſh crew,
Such puney imps unable are
Bold Robin to ſubdue.
But when he to the gallows came,
Appeared Little John,
Who ſtraight up to the Sheriff went,
And to him ſaid anon:
Good maſter Sheriff, with your leave,
I'd ſpeak with him a while;
No, ſaid the Sheriff, I'll thee ſeize,
Thou art an outlaw vile.
With that did Little John in haſte,
Away cut Stutely's bands,
And from a man he twifted ſoon,
A ſword out of his hands.
Here, Will, take thou this ſword a while,
Thou can'ſt it better ſway,

And now defend thy life from harm,
For aid will come ſtraightway.
And then they turn'd them back to back,
And fought with valour good,
Until at length approached near
The gallant Robin Hood.
Then quick an arrow Robin ſent
Which near the Sheriff flew,
That ſoon obliged him to run,
With all his coward crew.
O ſtay a while, Will Stutely cry'd,
And do not from us ſtart:
I pray thee hang up Robin Hood,
Before thou doſt depart.
O ill betide thee, ſaid Robin Hood,
That thou ſo ſoon art gone;
My ſword may in the ſcabbard reſt,
The work's already done.
I little thought, Will Stutely ſaid,
When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or ſeen my maſter's face.
O thanks, O thanks, my maſter dear,
We'll in the green wood meet,
Where we will make our bow-ſtrings twang,
Muſic for us moſt ſweet.

XVII.—*The noble* Fiſherman: *or,* Robin Hood's *Preferment, ſhewing how* Robin Hood *won a Prize at Sea, and how he gave one Half to his Landlady, and the other Half to the building of Alms houſes.*

Tune—*Robin Hood and the valiant Knight.*

IN Summer time, when leaves are green,
And days are clear and long,
When flowers bloom, and woods do ring
With thruſh and linnets' ſong.
Bold Robin Hood was weary grown,
With chaſing of the deer,
Quoth he, a fiſherman I'll turn,
For they have better cheer.
To Scarborough I now will go, Then
A fiſherman to be;

Then called forth his merry men,
Under the green wood tree,
And said to them, my bowmen brave,
A fisherman I'll go,
But will return to you again;
Farewell, it must be so.
Full sore they mourn'd to part with him;
To Scarborough he went,
And there he at the widow's house,
Took up his tenement.
She said to him, what craft art thou,
Come, tell thy name to me?
I am a fisherman; my name
Is Simon over the Lee.
Then Simon, said the good old wife,
Well may'st thow brook thy name.
The outlaw lik'd her courtesy,
And thank'd her for the same.
Good Simon, wilt thou be my man,
Round wages I'll give thee;
I have a good ship of my own,
As any sails the sea.
Simon contented soon with joy;
And next day they set sail:
But the other fishermen began
At Simon for to rail.
They call'd him lazy lubber, dog,
Not worthy of his fee;
And said, no wages he shou'd have,
For none deserved he.
O woe is me! said Simon then,
That ever I came here;
I wish I were in Plumpton park,
Chasing the fallow deer.
Here ev'ry clown laughs me to scorn,
But had I them on shore,
I'd teach them better manners there,
Than e'er they knew before.
They had not sailed manny days,
When they espy'd afar,
Come swiftly sailing towards them
A large French ship of war.

O,

O, woe is me, the master said,
The fish that we have ta'en,
Will by these robbers plunder'd be,
And we, perhaps, be slain.
For these French pirates none will spare,
Or if they shou'd, ere long,
They'll carry us to France, and there
Lay us in prison strong.
Then Simon said, be not afraid
Nor take you any care;
Give me my broad sword and my bow,
No Frenchman will I spare.
Now hold thy peace, the master cry'd,
Thou'rt naught but brag and boast;
If I shou'd cast thee overboard,
There's but a lubber lost.
At this then Simon angry grew,
Tho' not a word said he;
But took his strong bow in his hand,
And shot most dex'trously.
He drew his arrows to the head,
And shot with might and main;
When in the twinkling of an eye,
Ten Frenchmen there were slain.
Their bodies fell upon the deck,
Most shocking to behold;
Then Simon went on board, and found
Twelve thousand pounds in gold.
One half of this my dame shall have,
And her poor children small,
The other half I equally
Will share among you all.
The master then unto him said,
Simon that shall not be;
As you have won it all yourself,
The owner of it be.
Then Simon said, it shall be so,
With this for the oppress,
An habitation I will build,
Where they in peace may rest.

XVIII.—Robin Hood's *delight: or, a merry Combat fought between* Robin Hood Little John, and Will Scarlet, *and th ee ſtout Keepers in Sherwood Foreſt.*

Tune—*Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.*

SOME will talk of Knights and Squires,
Down, a down, a down,
And Lords of noble blood,
But I will ſing of Will Scarlet,
Little John, and Robin Hood.
They were outlaws as is well known,
And men of high digree.
And in the forreſt of Sherwood,
Were fam'd for archery.
Once as they rang'd the forreſt wide,
Upon a ſummer's day.
There they eſpy'd three forreſters,
All clad in green were they.
With good long faulchions by their ſides,
Forreſt-bills in their hand,
They call'd aloud to theſe outlaws,
And bid them for to ſtand.
Why, who are you, ſaid Robin Hood,
That ſpeak ſo boldly here?
We are, ſaid they, King Henry's men,
And keepers of his deer.
The Devil you are, cry'd Robin Hood,
I'm ſure it is not ſo;
For we're the keepers of this wood,
And that you ſoon ſhall know.
Your coats of green lay on the ground,
And ſo will we all three;
And take your ſwords and bucklers broad,
And ſtrive for victory.
We are content, the keepers ſaid,
We will require no leſs;
For why ſhould we be now afraid
Who never did tranſgreſs?
If you are keepers in this place,
Then ſaid bold Robin Hood,
We'll make you know, before you go,
That we are three as good.

Come,

Come, draw your ſwords, you bold outlaws,
No longer ſtand to prate;
But let us try it out with blows,
For cowards we do hate.
So they fell to it hard and ſore,
It was on a ſummer's day;
From ten o'clock 'till it was two,
They all ſhew'd gallant play.
There Robin, Will, and Little John,
All fought moſt manfully,
Until their wind was almoſt ſpent;
Then Robin aloud did cry,
O hold, O hold, I pray give o'er,
Ye are all valiant men;
Let me but ſound my bugle horn,
We'll fight with you again.
That bargan is to make, ſaid they,
Therefore we it deny
Though a blaſt upon thy bugle horn,
Can't make us fight nor fly.
Therefore fall on or elſe begone,
And yield to us the day;
For we will ne'er ſubmit to thee,
With all thy bowmen gay.
If that be ſo, quoth Robin Hood,
Then let me know your name,
That in the foreſt of Sherwood,
I may extol your fame.
And with our names, ſaid one of them,
Pray what haſt thou to do?
Except that thou wilt fight it out,
Yield, we have conquer'd you.
We'll fight no more, ſaid Robin Hood,
You're men of valour ſtout;
Come, go with us to Nottingham,
And there we'll fight it out;
With wine and beer we will contend,
To ſee who wins the day;
And for the coſt make you no doubt,
I've gold enough to pay;
And ever after while we live,
We will all brethren be;

For

For I love thoſe with all my heart,
Will fight and never flee.
Away they went to Nottingham,
With wine to make amends;
For three days ſpace they drank in that place
Until they were good friends.

XIX.—*Shewing how* Robin Hood *fought a Beggar and then changed loaths with him; how he went a begging to Nottingham, and ſaved three Brethren from the Gallows for ſtealing Deer.*

Tune—*Robin Hood and the Stranger.*

COME liſten to me, you gentlemen all,
With a hey-down, &c.
That love mirth for to hear,
And a ſtory true, I'll tell unto you,
If you will now draw near.
Upon a time it chanced ſo,
Bold Robin was inclin'd,
And did intend ſome time to ſpend,
With thoſe of mirthful mind.
Then he got on a gallant ſteed,
Which was worth angels ten,
His mantle green, moſt rare to be ſeen,
And took leave of his merry men.
And riding towards Nottingham,
In ſearch of merry glee,
He met on his way a Beggar gay,
As ever he did ſee.
The Beggar had on an old patch'd coat,
Which he did daily wear,
And many a bag about him did wag,
Which made bold Robin ſtare.
Good day, good day, ſaid Robin then,
What countryman art thou?
I'm Yokſhire, Sir, I pray don't ſtir,
But give me charity now.
Then Robin Hood unto him ſaid,
What wou'dſt thou have from me,
Neither livings nor land from thee I demand,
But a penny for charity.
No money I have, thou Beggar brave, I'm

I'm ranger in this wood;
As an outlaw too, they me purſue,
My name is Robin Hood.
But yet, bold Beggar, I'm inclin'd,
A bout with thee to try;
Thy coat of grey throw off ſtraightway,
As my mantle of green will I.
I am content, the Beggar cry'd,
Thy part ſhall be the worſe;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then to have at thy purſe.
The Beggar had a good long ſtaff,
And Robin a brave broad ſword;
The Beggar drew near, without dread or fear,
Which ſhew'd him as good as his word.
Fight on, fight on, ſaid Robin then,
This ſport well pleaſeth me;
But, for ev'ry blow he did beſtow,
The Beggar gave him three!
And there they fought full hard and ſore,
Not far from Nottingham town,
And never fled, 'till from Robin's head,
The blood ran trickling down.
O hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
And make an exchange with me,
Thoſe bags of thine, and coat reſign,
Take my cloak and horſe with thee.
Then Robin got on the Beggar's cloaths,
And turning round about,
Methinks, ſays he, I ſeem to be,
A Beggar brave and ſtout.
For now I have a bag for my bread,
And another for my corn,
I have one for ſalt, and one for malt,
And one for my bugle horn.
Then as he went to Nottingham,
He heard a mournful cry,
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to die.
Then Robin to the Sheriff went,
To ſeek for charity;

The Sheriff ſaid, my ſturdy blade,
What woud'ſt thou have of me.
No meat nor drink, ſaid Robin then,
Did I come here to crave,
But to beg of thee, the lives of thee
Bold yeomen for to ſave.
That cannot be thou Beggar bold,
Their guilt it is ſo clear;
So I tell thee, they hang'd muſt be,
For ſtealing the King's deer.
When they unto the gallows came,
There was many a weeping eye;
Said Robin, ceaſe, pray hold your peace,
For now they ſhall not die.
Then Robin ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew out ſtrong blaſts three,
An hundred men, all archers, then,
Came kneeling on their knee.
Maſter, what is your will, ſaid they,
We have come at your call,
Shoot Eaſt, ſhoot Weſt, I hold it beſt,
You ſpare no man at all.
Then they ſhot Eaſt, and they ſhot Weſt,
Their arrows were ſo keen,
That the Sheriff flew with all his crew,
And cou'd no more be ſeen.
Then he approach'd thoſe brethren three,
And quickly them unbound;
Of the Sheriff's men, the chief of them
Lay dead upon the ground.
To the greenwood then they went,
And ſung with merry glee,
Where Robin he did chuſe the three,
To be of his company.

XX.—Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, *and* Little John; *ſhewing how they obtained the Victory over the Prince of Arragon and his two Giants, and how* Will Scarlet *married the Princeſs.*

Tune—*Robin Hood, or Hey down a down.*

ROBIN Hood, Will Scarlet and Little John,
Hey down, down, and a down, Were

We're walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck, which Will Scarlet,
With his ſtrong bow had ſlain.
Jog on, jog on, cry'd Robin Hood,
The day will ſoon be paſt,
Tho' my nephew to me a breakfaſt gave,
I've not yet broke his faſt.
Then to yon lodge let's take our way,
Where I do think it good,
My nephew's kindneſs to return.
And welcome him to the green wood.
With that he took his bugle horn,
And blew both loud and ſhrill,
Till an hundred of his bowmen brave,
Came marching down the hill.
Now ſtand to your arms, cries Will Scarlet
Lo the enemy is in ken;
With that Robin Hood he laugh'd aloud,
Saying theſe are my bold bowmen;
Who, when they arriv'd and Robin eſpy'd,
Cry'd maſter what is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
Your horn did ſound ſo ſhrill.
Nay, nay, my friends, quoth Robin Hood,
The danger's paſt and gone;
I'd have you to welcome my nephew here,
And pay him two for one.
In feaſting and ſporting they paſs'd the day,
'Till Phœbus ſunk into the deep;
Then each man to his quarters went.
His guard there for to keep.
Not long had they walk'd within the green wood,
When Robin he ſoon eſpy'd
A lovely damſel all alone,
That on a black palfrey did ride.
Her riding ſuit was of a ſable hue,
A cyprus veil o'er her face,
Through which her cheeks like roſe did bluſh,
With an enchanting grace.
Come tell me the cauſe, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin, and tell me aright,
From whence thou comeſt, and whether thou goeſt,

All in this mournful plight?
From London I came, the damsel reply'd,
Where Thames do sweetly flow,
That is besieg'd, O grief to tell!
By a bold foreign foe.
'Tis the proud Prince of Arragon,
Who swears by his martial hand,
To have the Princess to his spouse,
Or else to waste the land;
Except that champions can be found,
That dare fight three to three,
Against the Prince and Giants twain,
Most frightful for to see.
Whose grisley locks, and eyes like fire,
Terrific look assumes,
With serpents hissing on their helms,
Instead of feather'd plumes.
The Princess will be the victor's prize,
Whatever shall betide,
So he that does the conquest gain,
Will have her to his bride.
There are four maidens sent abroad,
To the East, West, South, and North,
To try whose fortune it will prove
To bring these champions forth.
But all in vain we've sought them out,
For none so brave there are,
That will adventure their heart's blood,
To free a lady fair.
Tell me the day? quoth Robin Hood,
And I will venture forth;
On Midsummer next the damsel said,
'Tis June the twenty-fourth.
With that tears trickled down her cheeks,
And silent was her tongue;
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
And off her palfrey sprung.
This news struck Robin to the heart,
He sighed o'er and o'er;
His gestures and his troubled mind
Shew'd he was vexed sore.
Where lies your grief, quoth Will Scarlet,

O master tell to me?
If the damsel's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll bring her back to thee.
It is not so, quoth Robin Hood,
She doth not cause my smart;
But 'tis the Princess' sore distress
That wounds me to the heart.
I will go fight the Giants all,
To set the lady free;
Then, by my faith, said Little John,
I'll go along with thee.
Must I stay behind, quoth Will Scarlet,
No, no, that shall not be;
I'll make the third man in the fight,
So we'll be three to three.
These words did cheer bold Robin's heart,
Joy shone within his face;
And in his arms did them enfold,
All in a kind embrace.
Quoth he, we'll put on motley grey,
With long staves in our hands,
A scrip and bottle by our sides,
As come from the Holy lands:
So may we pass on the high way,
None will ask whence we came;
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or else some holy men.
Now they are on their journey gone,
As fast as they can speed,
Determin'd all to loose their lives,
Or have the Princess freed.
When they arriv'd they saw the Prince,
With the Giants on each side,
Bring forth, said he, your champions now,
Or bring me forth my bride.
This is the four and twentieth day,
The day agreed upon,
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I swear by Acheron.
The King and Queen appeared then,
Both weeping as they speak,
Lo, we have brought our daughter dear,

Whom we muſt now forſake.
With that ſtept forth bold Robin Hood,
And ſaid, my Liege, not ſo;
Such beauty as the Princeſs fair,
Shall not ſo tamely go.
The Prince he then began to ſtorm,
Crying, fool, fanatic, down,
How dare thou ſtop my valour's prize,
I'll kill thee with a frown.
Thou tyrant Turk, thou infidel,
Then Robin did reply,
Thy frowns I ſcorn, behold my ſword;
And thus I thee defy.
And as for theſe Goliahs here,
That ſtand on either ſide,
I have two little Davids near,
That ſoon will tame their pride.
Then did the King for armour ſend,
For lances, ſword and ſhield,
And thus all three in armour bright,
Came marching to the field.
The trumpets then did ſound a charge,
Each fingled out his man,
Like fountains out the blood did ſpring,
Soon as the fight began.
The Prince gave Robin Hood a blow,
Which ſtruck with might and main,
Forc'd him to reel about the field,
As tho' he had been ſlain.
That blow hath given, quoth Robin Hood,
A wound both deep and wide,
But this will prove thou ne'er ſhall have
The Princeſs to thy bride.
Then Robin gave him ſuch a cut,
As ſever'd off his head,
Which made the Giants rage full ſore,
To ſee their Prince lie dead.
Then Little John his falchion drew,
It was both keen and ſmart,
He clove the Giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.
Will Scarlet he behaved well,

Moſt

Moſt manfully he fought,
And in ſhort time down to the ground
The other Giant brought.
Then with his ſword he run him through,
A deep and gaſtly wound;
The Giant foam'd, curs'd and blaſphem'd,
And then fell on the ground.
Now all the liſt with ſhouts was fill'd,
Loud echoes rent the ſkies;
The Princeſs' ſpirits ſoon reviv'd,
Joy ſparkled in her eyes.
The King and Queen with gratitude,
Came walking to the place,
And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them further grace
Tell me, then ſaid the King, I pray,
Why thus diſguis'd you came;
Whoſe valour ſpeaks thee noble blood,
I fain would know thy name.
A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
I on my knee do creave,
By my crown, then ſaid the King, I'll grant,
Aſk, and thou it ſhall have.
Pardon I beg for my merry men,
That are in the green wood,
For Little John and Will Scarlet,
And for me Robin Hood.
If thou art Robin, ſaid the King,
For the valour you have ſhewn,
Your pardon all I freely grant;
No ſtrife ſhall here be known.
The Princeſs is the victor's prize,
She cannot have all three;
Then let her chuſe, quoth Robin Hood,
For ſhe is now made free.
The Princeſs then did view them all,
With modeſty and love,
And took Will Scarlet by the hand,
Saying, I thee approve.
With that ſtept forth a noble Lord,
Of Maxfield Earl was he,
Who look'd Will Scarlet in the face,

And wept moſt bitterly.
Quoth he, I had a ſon like thee.
Whome I lov'd wond'rous well;
But he's away, or reather dead,
His name was young Gamwell.
Will Scarlet then fell on his knee,
And cry'd dear father, here,
Here kneels your ſon, your young Gamwell.
Whom you did love ſo dear.
What kind embracing then was there,
What joy, and what delight!—
But they are to the wedding gone,
And ſo I bid good night.

XXI. *Little John and the four Beggars, ſhewing how Little John went a begging, and what a great Prize he got.*

Tune—Robin Hood *and the Beggar.*

ALL you that chuſe to ſpend ſome time,
With a hey down, down and a down,
A merry ſong to hear,
You ſhall have one of Little John,
If you will now draw near.
As Robin Hood the foreſt rang'd,
With all his merry men,
It was agreed, Little John with ſpeed,
Should go a begging then,
Says John, if I a begging go,
I'll have a palmer's weed,
With ſtaff and coat ſcarce worth a groat,
That better I may ſpeed.
Give me a bag for bread and cheeſe,
And a bottle for my booze,
A purſe for pence, ere I go hence,
That I may nothing loſe.
Now Little John is a begging gone,
To ſeek for ſome relief;
Being thus array'd, the ſturdy blade,
Of Beggars is the Chief.
And as he walk'd along the way,
Four beggars he did ſee,
Some blind, ſome lame, who tow'rds him came,
A jolly company. Quoth

Quoth he, good morrow, brethren all,
I'm glad to meet you here,
Which way do you go, pray let me know?
For I love company dear.
What noise is this, quoth Little John,
What bells are these that ring?
Me thinks these rags, and these full bags,
'Tis them that I hear ding.
You saucy dog, one of them said,
No beggar sure thou art;
Behold here's that will knock thee flat,
therefore in haste depart;
For we have brethern in London town,
Also in Coventry,
Berwick and Dover, and all the world over,
But none that's like to thee.
Therefore stand off, thou silly carle.
For we know nought of thee,
Nay, said Little John, I'll not begone,
But I'll fight your whole company.
He nipp'd the dumb, and made him roar,
And the blind he made to see,
The cripple also, that on crutches did go,
He made to run hastily.
Then after that he seiz'd their bags,
Twas what he chiefly sought;
It made him sing to hear the cash ring,
Which he so cheaply bought.
Three hundred pound in gold he found,
Within the Beggars' bags;
Which made him cry, no longer I
Will wear these dirty rags.
The begging trade I will give o'er,
My luck has been so good;
So I'll away without delay,
To the forest of merry Sherwood.
When he to Sherwood forest came,
Under the greenwood tree,
His master stood, bold Robin Hood,
With all his company.
What news, what news, said Robin Hood,

Come quickly tell to me,
What luck you've had my ſturdy lad,
By your late beggary?
No news but good ſaid Little John,
Now have I for to tell,
Three hundred pound in gold ſo round,
Thus I have fared well.
Then they all danc'd round an oak tree,
And cry'd when we are dry,
If water we drink, while we've the chink,
An ill death may we die.

XXII. Robin Hood *and the Ranger; or, true Friendſhip after a fierce Fight.*

Tune—Robin Hood *and Arthur a Bland.*

WHEN Phœbus had diſſolv'd the ice,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
And melted all the ſnow,
Bold Robin Hood, in the green wood,
Would frolick with his bow.
He left his merry men behind,
Whilſt through the grove he paſs'd,
Where he did behold a foreſter bold,
Who cry'd friend, whither ſo faſt?
I'm come ſaid bold Robin, to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
And ere that I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or elſe it ſhall coſt me a fall.
You'd beſt have a care, the foreſter ſaid,
For theſe are his Majeſty's deer;
Before you ſhall ſhoot the thing I'll diſpute,
For I am head foreſter here.
This foreſt, quoth Robin, I think it is mine,
And ſo is the nimble deer too;
Therefore I declare, and ſolemnly ſwear,
I'll not be affronted by you.
The foreſter he had a long quarter ſtaff,
Likewiſe a broad ſword by his ſide,
Which quickly he drew, without more ado,
Declaring the truth ſhould be try'd.
And bold Robin Hood had a ſword that was good,
And are he would take any wrong, He'd

He'd venture a bruſh, his courage was fluſh,
And ſo they fell to it ding dong.
Bold Robin gave him many hard blows,
Which the other returned as faſt;
At every ſtroke their jackets did ſmoak,
Three hours the combat did laſt.
At length in a rage the foreſter grew,
And cudgel'd poor Robin ſo ſore,
That he could not ſtand, ſo ſhaking his hand,
He cry'd let us freely give o'er.
Thou art a brave fellow, I needs muſt confeſs,
I ſeldom knew any ſo good;
Thou'rt fitting to be a bow-man to me,
And range in the merry greenwood.
I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou'ſt acted thy part;
The man that will fight in him I delight,
And love him with all my heart.
Then Robin Hood ſet his horn to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt he merrily blows,
His bowmen did hear, and ſoon did appear,
An hundred with truſty long bows.
Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloth'd in a rich mantle of green,
And alſo the reſt were ſplendidly dreſt,
A beautiful ſight to be ſeen.
Lo, theſe are my bow-men ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And thou ſhalt be one of the train;
A mantle and bow, and a quiver alſo,
I give thoſe whom I entertain.
The foreſter willingly enter'd the liſt,
They were ſuch an elegant ſight;
Then with a long bow, they ſhot a fat doe,
And made a good ſupper that night.
What ſinging and dancing were in the green wood,
For joy of another new mate;
They ſpent the whole night in mirthful delight,
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.
Then Robin he gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows and bow that was good;
This done, the next day, ſo fine and ſo gay,
He marched them thro' merry Sherwood.

Quoth

Quoth he, my brave bow-men, be true to your truſt,
And then we may range the woods wide:
They all did declare, and ſolemnly ſwear,
They'd conquer or die by his ſide.

XXIII. *How* Robin Hood *reſcued the Widow's three Sons from the Sheriff of Nottingham.*

Tune—*In ſummer time, &c.*

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
And I'll be bound to ſay,
The merrieſt of all the twelve,
Is the ſweet month of May.
Now Robin went to Nottingham,
Singing, Down and a day,
Where he did meet a lady fair,
Weeping along the way.
What news, what news, thou lady gay,
What news haſt thou for me?
Said ſhe, three Squires in Nottingham,
This day muſt hanged be.
What have they done, ſaid Robin Hood,
I pray thee tell to me?
Then, 'tis for ſtealing the King's deer,
The truth I tell to thee.
Now Robin went to Nottingham,
Singing, ah! well a-day,
And there a beggar he did meet,
Walking along the way.
Beggar, ſaid he, if thou'lt conſent,
To change thy apparel with mine,
Here's forty ſhillings I'll give thee,
To drink in beer and wine.
Right glad the beggar was to hear,
What Robin did propoſe;
Without more ado he inſtantly,
Exchang'd his ragged clothes.
Robin took hold of the beggar's hat,
His head with it to try,
And ſwore the firſt Biſhop he would meet,
His purſe a better would buy.

Then

Then he put on the beggar's clothes,
They were patch'd on back and side.
Now, by my troth, said Robin Hood,
This man had little pride.

Then Robin went to Nottingham,
In beggar's clothes arrav'd
And there he met the Sheriff proud,
A stout and sturdy blade.

Oh, bless you, Sir, said Robin Hood,
All happiness to thee:
What wilt thou give a poor old man,
That will the hangman be?

A suit of clothes, the Sheriff said,
I will give unto thee:
Besides I'll give thee pence thirteen,
Which is a hangman's fee.

I ne'er was hangman in my life,
Nor yet intend the trade;
But curs'd be he said Robin Hood,
That first a hang man made.

This little bag contains a horn,
Of which I take great care,
And when upon it I do blow,
A Sheriff had need beware.

O wind thy horn thou fellow proud,
To him the Sheriff said,
And should you blow the live long day,
I will not be afraid.

Then Robin put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
When an hundred and ten of bold bowmen,
Came running down the hill.

O who are these, the Sheriff said,
I pray now tell to me?
These men are mine, quoth Robin Hood,
Now come to visit thee.

O spare my life, the Sheriff cry'd,
On me some pity take,
And let me now return in peace,
For our dear Lady's sake!

Name not our Lady, Robin said,
For no respect I'll pay,

So now confeſs your ſins with ſpeed,
For hang'd you'll be ſtraightway.
Then Robin dreſſed Little John,
Like to a Clergyman;
The Sheriff then prepar'd for death,
And to confeſs began.
Enough! enough! ſaid Little John,
I now forgive you all;
We have no longer time to ſpare,
For Death on you does call.
They took the gallows from the hill,
And fix'd them in the glen,
Then hang'd the Sheriff there that day,
And free'd the three young men.

XXIV. Robin Hood *and the valiant Knight.*

Tune—Robin Hood *and the fifteen Foreſters.*

WHEN Robin Hood and his bow-men,
Had reigned many years,
The King was told, they had been bold
To Biſhops and to Peers.
Therefore a truſty valiant Knight,
The King call'd forth ſtraightway;
Sir William his name, who, when he came,
Unto him, he did ſay:
Go hence and tell bold Robin Hood,
That without more ado,
He muſt ſurrender, elſe the offender,
Shall ſuffer with his crew.
An hundred men were choſen then,
As ſtout as e'er man law,
On midſummer day they march'd away,
To take the brave outlaw.
With long yew-bows and ſhining ſpears,
They march'd with mickle pride,
And ne'er delay'd, until they made,
Up to the green wood ſide.
Sir William ſaid, now tarry here,
Your bows make ready all,
That if need be, you follow me,
Whenever

Whenever I do call.
He ſought about until he came,
Where was bold Robin Hood;
The letter he ſhews, bold Robin aroſe,
And on his guard he ſtood.
They'd have me yield, quoth Robin then,
And at their mercy lie;
Believe thou me, that ne'er ſhall be,
While three ſcore men have I.
Then Robin took his bugle horn,
Which loud and ſhrill he blew;
So did the Knight, when armed for fight,
Their archers came in view.
Sir William ſtraight drew up his men,
And plac'd them in array;
Bold Robin, we find, was not behind,
To begin the bloody fray.
The archers on both ſides bent their bows,
And clouds of arrows flew:
At the firſt flight, the Courtly Knight,
Did bid the world adieu.
Now when his men perceiv'd that he,
Lay dead upon the plain,
With terror ſeiz'd, around they gaz'd,
Then ran away amain.
O ſtay, O ſtay, ſaid Robin Hood,
Why thus like cowards run?
I thought the field you would not yield;
Too ſoon the battle's done
Sir William's corpſe they buried there,
With thoſe that with him fell;
The reſt that fled to London ſped,
The tidings ſad to tell.

XXV. *Shewing how* Robin Hood *being taken ill, he was treacherouſly bled by a Prieſt, and of his Death and Burial.*

Tune—Robin Hood *and the Curtal Friar.*

AS Robin Hood and Little John,
Walk'd by a back of broom,
Said

Said Robin with a mournful voice,
I fear approaching doom.
Now ſince the day that we did meet,
Much mirth and joy we ſaw,
And many a merry prank we play'd,
Since I became out-law.
Oft have we ſhot for many a pound,
As oft have victors been;
Such ſkilful archers as we two,
In England ne'er were ſeen.
Full many a Biſhop have we made,
Sing maſs with mickle grief;
And many a poor man have we giv'n,
In time of need, relief.
But now thoſe joys are at an end,
For I am taken ill;
So I will go to Kirkly-hall,
To try phyſician's ſkill.
Then fare thee well; ſaid Little John,
O maſter, fare thee well;
And when I ſee your face again,
Good news I hope you'll tell.
Then Robin went to Kirkly-hall,
As faſt as he could hie;
But e'er that he could reach that place,
He was near like to die.
And when he came to Kirkly-hall,
He knock'd and made great noiſe;
His couſin flew to let him in,
For well ſhe knew his voice.
Will you ſit down, dear couſin, ſhe ſaid,
And drink ſome wine with me?
No I will neither eat nor drink,
Until I blooded be.
Well, for a ſkilful perſon I
Will ſend without delay
And he will bleed you in the arm;
Thus did his couſin ſay.
Away ſhe ſent a meſſenger
As faſt as he could ſpeed,
To bring a Monk, who came prepar'd
The fam'd out-law to bleed.

The

The Monk advantage took of him,
And vow'd that Robin Hood,
Should ne'er return from Kirkly-hall,
To the foreſt of Sherwood.
When he perceiv'd his treachery,
Away he ſtrove to fly
Out of the window but could not,
It was ſo very high.
His bugle horn he then took up,
Which hung down to his knee,
And ſtrove with all his might and main,
If he could blow blaſts three.
Little John did hear his maſter call,
As he ſat under a tree,
I fear, ſaid he, my maſter's ill,
He blows ſo wearily.
Then Little John, ſet off with ſpeed,
To famous Kirkly-hall.
And there, with all his might and main,
For Robin Hood did call.
And when he could not enter in,
The doors broke open wide,
And when he came to Robin Hood,
He kneel'd down by his ſide.
What ſhall I do, maſter, he ſaid,
That you reveng'd may be?
Or will I burn curs'd Kirkly-hall,
And all its nunnery?
That ſhall not be, ſaid Robin Hood,
I ne'er in all my life
Burn'd any church, nor any nun,
Nor widow, child, nor wife.
Nor ſhall it now be ſaid of me,
That at my dying hour,
Upon the heads of Chriſtian folks,
Deſtruction I did pour.
But give me now my much-lov'd bow,
An arrow I'll let fly,
And whereſoe'er that arrow lights,
There let my body lie.
Let green graſs grow upon my grave,

By my ſide my bow ſo good,
At my head a ſtone, that all may read,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.
And this requeſt they promis'd him,
Which pleaſed Robin well:
They bury'd him in Kirkly-hall,
And rung his dying knell.
And thus you have the ſtory heard,
Of that far fam'd out-law,
Who died by a ſubtle Monk,
Whom man could never awe.
His Epitaph does yet remain,
Full plainly on his grave;
The ſame correctly taken down,
Kind reader here you have.
There's not a poor man reads it there,
But ſighs in piteous mood;
And ſays, as from it he departs,
"Alas! poor Robin Hood."

EPITAPH.

UNDERNEATH this little ſtone,
Lies Robin Earl of Huntington.
No archer was like him ſo good;
His wildneſs nam'd him Robin Hood.
Full thirteen years, and ſomewhat more.
Theſe Northern parts he vexed ſore.
Such outlaws as he and his men,
May England never know again.

ADDITIONAL SONG.

26. *King Edward and the Tanner of Tamworth*

IN ſummer time when leaves grow green,
And bloſſoms deck the tree,
King Edward would a hunting go.
Some paſtime for to ſee,
With hawk and hound he made him bold,
With horn, and eke with bow;
To Drayton Baſſet he took his way,
With his Lords all in a row.
And he had riddin o'er dale and down,
By eight o'clock in the day,
When he was aware of a Tanner bold,
Riding along the highway.
A good ruffed coat the Tanner had on,
Faſt button'd under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of five ſhilling.
Now ſtand you ſtill, my good Lords all,
Under the green wood ſpray,
And I will go to yonder fellow,
To hear what he will ſay.
"God ſpeed, God ſpeed thee," (ſaid the King;)
Thou art welcome, Sir, ſaid he.
"The readieſt way to Drayton Baſſet
I pray thee ſhew to me,"
To Drayton Baſſet wouldſt thou go,
From the place where thou doſt ſtand?
The next pair of gallows thou comeſt unto,
Turn in upon thy right hand.
"That is an unready way" (ſaid the King),
Thou doſt but jeſt, I ſee;
Now ſhew me out the neareſt way,
And I pray thee go with me.
"Go with me down to Drayton Baſſet,
No dainties we will ſpare;
All day ſhalt thou eat and drink of the beſt,
And I will pay thy fare."
Gramercy for nothing, the Tanner reply'd,
Thou pay'ſt no fare of mine;
I trow I've more nobles in my purſe,

Than thou haſt pence is thine.
"God give thee joy of them, (ſaid the King)
And ſend them well to prief —
The Tanner would fain have been away,
For he thought the King a thief.
"What tidings hear you, (ſaid the King)
As you ride far and near?"
I hear no tidings, Sir, by the maſs,
But that cow-hides are dear.
"Cow-hides! cow-hides! what things are thoſe?
I marvel what they be."
What, art thou a fool? the Tanner reply'd;
I carry one under me.
"What craftſman art thou, (ſaid the King)
I pray thee tell me now?"
I am a barker, Sir, by trade;
Now tell me what art thou?
"I am a poor Courtier, Sir, (quoth he)
That am forth of ſervice worn;
And fain I would thy 'prentice be,
Thy cunning for to learn."
Marry, heaven forbid! the Tanner reply'd,
That thou my 'prentice were;
Thou would'ſt ſpend more goods than I ſhould win,
By forty ſhilling a year.
"Yet one thing would I, (ſaid the King,)
If thou wilt not ſeem ſtrange;
Though my horſe be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I fain would change."
Why if with me thou fain wilt change,
As change full well may we;
By the faith of my body thou fellow proud,
I will have ſome boot of thee.
"That were againſt reaſon, (ſaid the King,)
I tell the truth to thee;
My horſe is better than thy mare,
And that thou well may'ſt ſee."
Yes, Sir, but Brockey is gentle and mild,
And ſimply ſhe will fare;
Thy horſe is unruly and wild, I ſee,
Ay ſkipping here and there.
"What boot wilt thou have? (the King reply'd)

Now tell me on this ground?"
No pence, nor half-pence, by my faith,
But a noble in gold ſo round.
"Here's twenty groats of money white,
Sith thou wilt have it of me."
I would have ſworn now, quoth the Tanner,
Thou had'ſt not one penny.
But ſince we two have made a change,
A change we muſt abide,
Although thou haſt gotten Brockey my mare,
Thou getteſt not my cow-hide,
"I will not have it (ſaid the King,)
I do ſwear unto thee;
Thy foul cow-hide I would not bear,
If thou would'ſt give it me."
The Tanner he took his good cow-hide,
That of the cow was kilt,
And threw it upon the King's ſaddle,
That was ſo finely gilt.
Now help me up, thou fellow fine,
'Tis time that I were gone;
When I come home to Madge, my wife,
She'll ſay I am a gentleman.
The King he took him by the leg;
The Tanner a f—t let fall—
"Now marry, good fellow, (ſaid the King,)
Thy courteſie is but ſmall."
When the Tanner he was in the King's ſaddle,
And his foot in the ſtirrup was,
He marvelled greatly in his mind,
Whether it were gold or braſs.
But when his ſteed ſaw the cow's-tail wag,
And eke the black cow-horn,
He ſtamped and ſtared, and away he ran,
As the Devil had him borne.
The Tanner he pull'd, the Tanner he ſweat,
The Tanner he ſwore and curſt,
At length the Tanner came tumbling down;
His paunch well nigh did burſt.
Take thy horſe again with a vengeance, he ſaid,
With me he ſhall not bide.
"My horſe would have borne thee well enough,

But he knew not of thy cow-hide.
Yet if again thou fain would'ſt change,
As change full well may we,
By the fai h of my body, thou jolly Tanner,
I will have ſome boot of thee."
What boot wilt thou have, the Tanner reply'd,
Now tell me on this ground?
"No pence, nor half-pence, Sir, by my faith,
But I will have twenty pound."
Here's twenty groats out of my purſe,
And twen y I have of thine;
And I have one more which we will ſpend.
Together at the wine.
The King ſet a bugle horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and ſhrill,
And ſoon came lords, and ſoon came Knights,
Faſt riding over the hill.
Now, woe is me! the Tanner he cry'd,
That ever I ſaw this day;
Thou art a ſtrong thief, and thou and thy gang
Will bear my cow-hide away.
"We are no thieves, (the King reply'd)
I do ſwear unto thee;
But they are Lords of the North country,
Here come to hunt with me."
And ſoon before the King they came,
And knelt down on the ground;
Then wiſh'd the Tanner t'have been away,
He had rather than twenty pound.
"Away with thy fear, thou jolly Tanner,
For the ſpor thou haſt ſhewn to me;
I wot no halter thou ſhalt wear,
But thou ſhalt have a Knight's fee.
And Plumpton park I will give thee,
With tenements fair beſide;
'Tis worth three hundred marks by the year,
To maintain thy good cow hide"
Gramercy, my Liege, the Tanner reply'd,
For the favour thou'ſt ſhewn to me;
If ever thou comeſt to merry Tamworth,
Good leather I'll ſell to thee.

FINIS.

13 JY 63

THE

FAMOUS ENGLISH ARCHER;

OR

ROBERT, Earl of Huntington,

COMMONLY CALLED

ROBIN HOOD.

I'll send this Arrow from my Bow,
And in a Wager will be bound
To hit the Mark aright, altho'
It were for Forty Hundred Pound;
Doubt not, I'll make the Wager good
Or ne'er believe bold ROBIN HOOD.

MONAGHAN.

PRINTED BY JOHN BROWN.——M,DEC,XCVII.

CONTENTS.

No.		Page
1	ROBIN HOOD's Parentage and Birth	5
2	Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham	10
3	Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield	12
4	Robin Hood and the Bishop	13
5	Robin Hood and the Butcher	16
6	Robin Hood and the Tanner	18
7	Robin Hood and the Tinker	21
8	Robin Hood and Allan a Dale	23
9	Robin Hood and the Shepherd	26
10	Robin Hood and the Fryar	28
11	Robin Hood and the Stranger	31
12	Robin Hood and the Scotchman	33
13	Robin Hood and Queen Catharine	33
14	Robin Hood's Chase	36
15	Robin Hood's Golden Prize	38
16	Robin Hood and Will Stutely	40
17	Robin Hood's Preferment	43
18	Robin Hood's Delight	46
19	Robin Hood and the Beggar	48
20	Robin Hood and the Prince of Arragon	50
21	Little John and the Four Beggars	56
22	Robin Hood and the Ranger	58
23	Robin Hood and the Widow's three Sons	60
24	Robin Hood and the valiant Knight	62
25	Robin Hood's Death and Burial	63
26	*(Additional)* King Edward and the Tanner	67

Robin Hood & the Shereiff of Nottingham

BRITISH MUSEUM